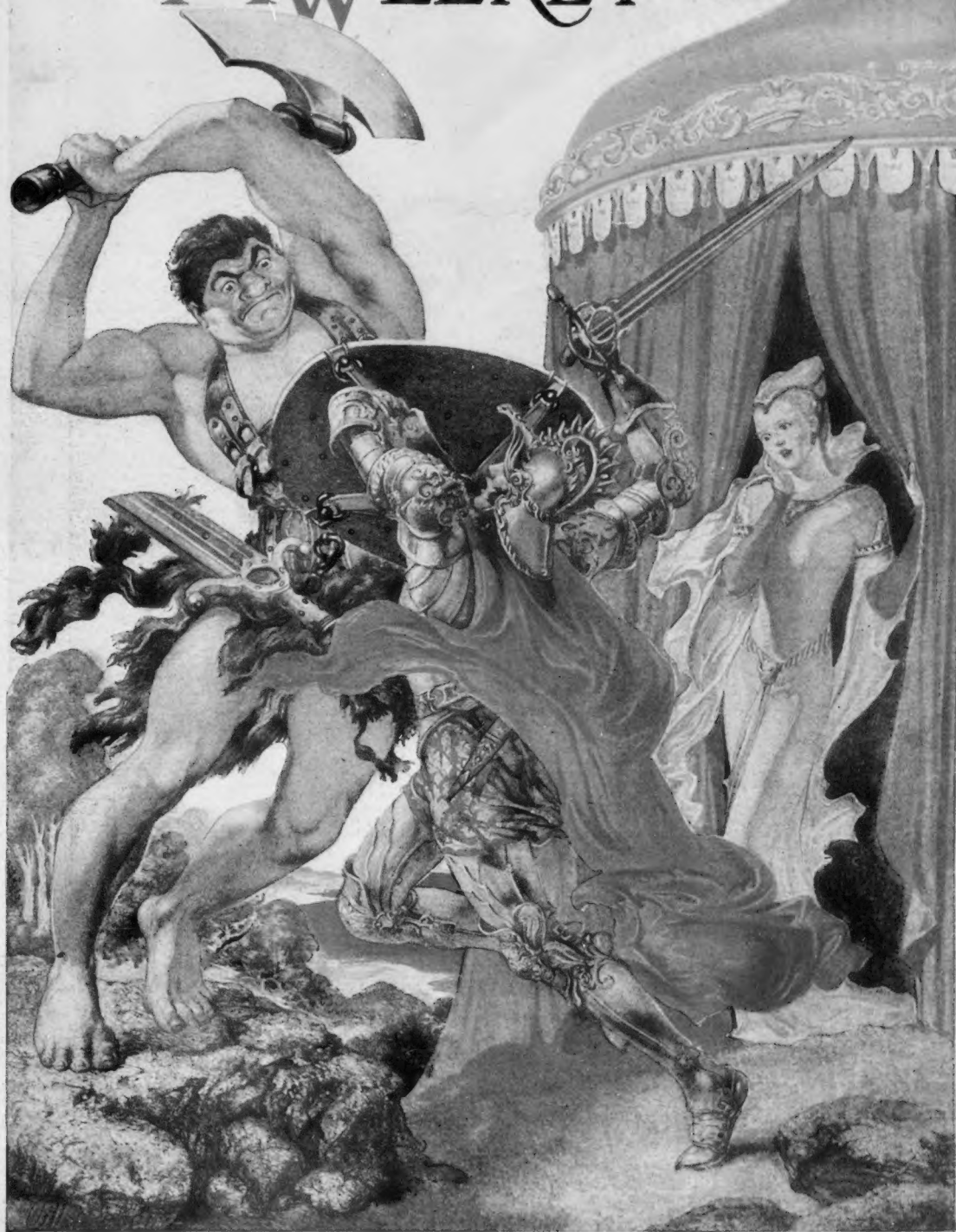


THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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Week of March 19, 1944



Speaking of Heroes

Paintings by
Willy Pogany

See John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

The Mysterious Major

-He's a One-Man Medical Corps

WHEN the story of this war's heroes is written, a long and exciting chapter will have to be given over to the almost legendary exploits of an Australian named John Forster.

A major, a doctor, and a man of mystery, Forster is credited with saving hundreds of lives in hundreds of places—on fighting fronts in the Far East, Africa, Sicily, Italy and the Balkans.

Major Forster, who wears a monocle in his right eye, and dresses informally despite his rank, is one of the most picturesque figures in the Mediterranean theatre today.

Fighting men are often mystified as to how he does it, but the major always seems to pop up where the going is toughest and a skilled doctor is needed most.

Apparently assigned to no particular medical unit, this amazing surgeon seemingly writes his own ticket, going wherever he thinks he can do the most good.

Right now, he is secretly commuting between Italy and the Yugoslav guerrillas of General Tito, who look upon the incredible Australian as a one-man medical corps.

Just how Forster slips in and out of Yugoslavia is a mystery, but the stories that come from there after

Every Now and Then the Monocled Officer Turns Up in the Mountains of Yugoslavia to Save the Lives of Wounded Guerrillas.

one of his trips is proof of where he has been. He brushes off all questions about his jaunts with the stock answer—"just been away on a job for the firm."

Typical of the stories told about the fabulous John Forster is the one about his recent trip to one of Tito's

secret strongholds made at great risk in order to treat a score of seriously wounded guerrillas.

Arriving at midnight in a heavy rainstorm, Major Forster found one Yugo fighting man who had been slowly bleeding to death for five days. An immediate operation was necessary.

Although exhausted from his long journey over mountain trails, Dr. Forster set up an operating room in a cave. Then he visited a nearby village, getting the peasants out of bed for blood tests.

With a half-dozen men and women, whose blood was suitable for transfusion, the major returned to the cave where he performed the dangerous operation. By daybreak, his patient was out of danger and another saved life had been added to his credit.

That job done, Forster treated all the others, and left instructions for their care. By nightfall he was again on his way back to Italy but ready to

return to Yugoslavia at the first call. A day later, the monocled major with his open-necked blue shirt, flannel trousers and desert boots, was back in the British front lines in Italy treating the wounded.

However, the daring medical officer did not escape this time without some unpleasant memento of his trip. He was suffering severely from bronchitis when he showed up in Italy. Even when reinforced with an overcoat, an open-necked shirt is not particularly good protection against a soaking Yugoslav night.

More by will power than medicine, however, the Major shook off his ailment and soon was on the job again. Fighting men who have seen the striking-looking Forster in India, the Western Desert, Sicily, Italy and the Balkans swear that no important engagement is complete unless the fabulous Australian is right in the thick of it.



Fruit that Drives Men Mad

NO SANE white man, however hungry he may be, will bite into a pineapple-like fruit that grows in the islands of the South Pacific from the Dutch East Indies to the Philippines. It's the durian and in the legends of Malaya is the forbidden fruit of Paradise.

Mother Nature has concocted no stranger dish than this. It grows in clumps at the top of tall trees and falls to the ground when ripe. Its skin exudes a sickening stink—but its "meat" is delicious, tasting like a mixture of bananas and cream with a dish of rich chocolate.

The durian has a fascination for

men and animals—because its insidious flesh sends those who taste it into a frenzy of romance.

Brawls to the death are frequent among the humans and animals who feast on this amazing fruit. Many a murder has been committed by natives savagely battling for the spiky fruit as it falls to the ground. The tropical sweetsop seems to remove the fear of death and all moral restraint from those who go for it.

It is easy to believe the reports that primitive and bloodthirsty soldiers of the Sinking Sun have just about cornered the durian market.



The Strange Fruit Drives Men, Women and Animals Into a Frenzy of Romantic Passion and Acts of Violent Savagery.

Speaking of Heroes

MEET THE KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS

Interpreted by
JOHN ERSKINE
from "Amadis of Gaul,"
the World's No. 1 Love Story.

which neither he nor she knew a thing. Apollidon raised a tent on the shore with a bed inside it for his bride, since she had enjoyed little sleep on the boat, not being used to a sailor's hammock.

The lord of the island was a terrible giant, who, as they learned at once, was glad Grimanessa had come, but had no use for Apollidon. So they argued the matter out, the giant with a huge axe. Apollidon with his sword, and the height of the giant wasn't up where he could hit it, but Apollidon's sword couldn't miss, there being so broad a target.

Then Apollidon buried the carcass, which was offensive, and he and Grimanessa, because of the gentle climate, remained on the island in peace

and joy sixteen years.

Then the younger brother died, and the Greeks, who had had enough of him anyway, sent for Apollidon to be their King. He preferred to stay on Firm Island, but the call of duty was loud. Besides, Grimanessa wanted to go.

But as they left he used his science to turn the island into a monument or memorial of their bliss. He arranged by magic two hurdles. The first would stop all visitors who had been unfaithful in love; the second would discourage any man less brave and handsome than Apollidon, any woman less beautiful than Grimanessa.

Having put the island, as he thought, permanently out of commission as a residential district, he took down the tent, got out his ship again and hoisted sail.

Next week Mr. Erskine interprets another romantic incident from "Amadis of Gaul."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Betty Alexander of Chicago, Illinois



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Chicago skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather... just like a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, clearer, less oily! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- *Brighter, cleaner skin
- *Finer texture
- *Better tone
- *Fewer blemishes
- *Less dryness
- *Less oiliness
- *Smoother skin
- *Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"Don't worry, Jacquelyn. It's a cinch gettin' those chalk marks out with Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"

EXTRA SUDS!

"Dirt just don't stand a chance against so much MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS," says Mrs. Alice Fleming



"COLORED chalk can just make a mess of a white school blouse, like my daughter, Jacquelyn, is wearing here. But honest, those blouses turn out as white as snow in Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS... and I never spent so little time gettin' 'em clean! Same thing with all my wash, even heavy work clothes... SO MUCH MORE SUDS' and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS sure take a lot of the drudgery out of wash-day... cut down rubbin', save time, and make Super Suds go a lot farther in my experience."

"SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP WERE SURE NOTHING TO BRAG ABOUT... LITTLE, AND DIDN'T LAST."

"BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS TOO. THEY STICK TO CLOTHES, AND AREN'T MAKIN' SUDS, THAT'S CERTAIN."

"WHEW! A REGULAR MOUNTAIN OF RICH, LIVELY, LONG-LASTIN' SUDS FROM NEW SUPER SUDS!"

"NO, SIR! NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF IN THE SUPER SUDS BOTTLE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO BE 'MAKIN' SUDS!"

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test"
Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water in a milk-bottle. Do the same with new, sudsier Super Suds in another milk-bottle. Even cool or hard water will do. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

★ DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

We Live INSIDE a Globe, Too

Our Earth's Just a Speck in a Flat Galaxy Which, Science Now Finds, Is Enveloped by a Spherical Star Mantle

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

PRIMITIVE man believed that he lived on a flat earth under a round sky, ruled by the sun by day, and the stars at night.

Early astronomers dissipated half this illusion when they demonstrated that the world is round and revolves around the sun.

Later students of the stars have spent much research and thought on the shape of the sky—or, rather, as we now understand things, the shape of the physical universe of which our world is an infinitesimal part.

Their first conclusion was that the universe—or at least the galaxy in which the earth is situated—is, in general terms, flat. Our galaxy has been pictured as a great pinwheel of stars, shaped like a watch—round and wide two ways like a plate, but relatively thin in the third dimension.

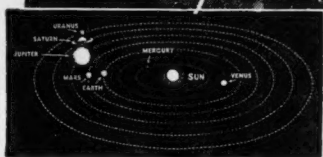
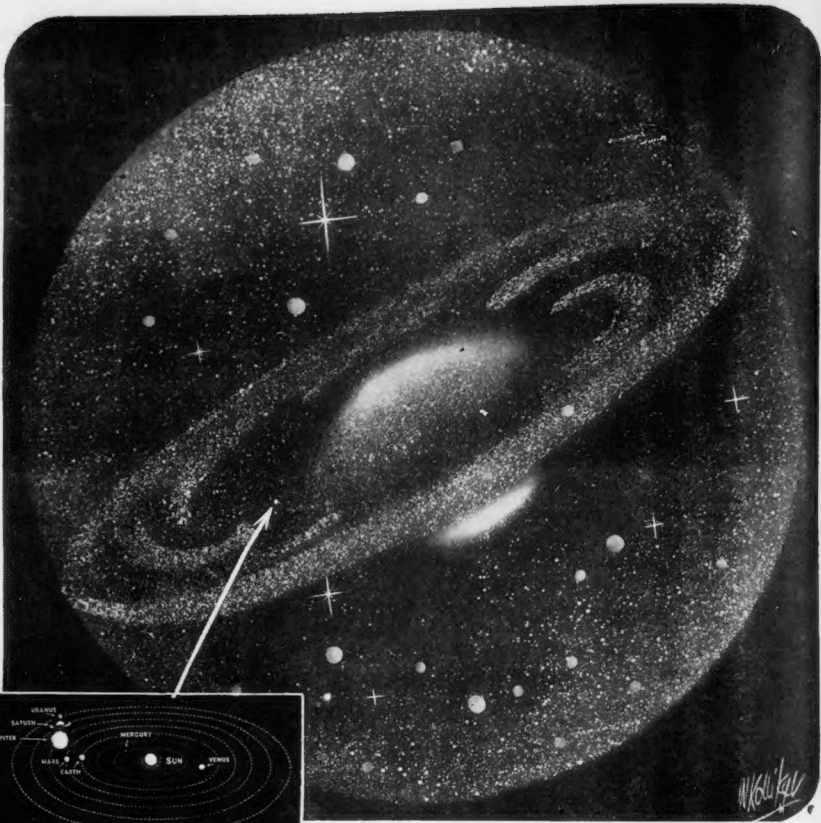
But, curiously, quite recent discoveries at Harvard College Observatory point toward the possibility that primitive man was right in conjecturing that the firmament is round.

While our galaxy may be watch-shaped, it now appears that it is surrounded by a haze of other stars so distributed as to make the entire structure spherical.

As pictured by Dr. Harlow Shapley, Director of Harvard College Observatory, our galaxy, in its external structure, is shaped like a huge orange. Most of it is empty space, of course, but there is a concentration of stars in the central plane of this ball, the flat plane that would appear if you cut the orange thin such as a mille.

On each side of this great stellar belt, however, is the misty haze of stars—the mantle of the heavens—which has now been discovered.

Stellar distances are so great astronomers do not talk about any little unit of length such as a mile; rather they speak in terms of "light-years," which is not a unit of time but is a unit of distance. A light-year is the distance light would travel in a year at its fantastic speed of 186,000 miles a second. If you have a pencil and enough paper, you can figure out that a light-year is nearly



Luminous Clouds of the Famous Nebula of Orion Are Typical of Those Found in Many Galaxies, Including Our Own.



Here's What Science Used to Think Our Entire Galaxy Looked Like—The Whirling Pinwheel Nebula in Andromeda.

times. This means if the globular galaxy were drawn to the same scale it would have to be nearly seven miles in diameter. Finding the solar system in it would be like trying to find a silver dollar on Manhattan Island in New York City.

Astronomy got its yardstick of heavenly distances by the variable stars. If astronomers looked at some distant nebula and found a pulsating variable star in it, they could work out its true brightness. And, when they knew this, they could see how much its original light was dimmed on its way to man's telescopes on earth.

When they learned that, they knew in turn how far away the star was. That's how Harvard's Dr. Shapley and his colleagues worked out the new dimensions and shape of our star galaxy.

Trying to find out where he lived in relation to other worlds and stars has been one of man's most disillusioning discoveries.

Being a very conceited individual, man first pictured his home, the earth, as the center of the entire universe. Planets, the sun, and the stars, all revolved around him—or so he thought.

The Sun and Its Planets Are Only a Small Spot Inside a Vast Hazy Globe 200,000 Light-Years Across.

Then, with Copernicus, came the discovery that the earth was not the center of all things. Rather the earth was only one of several planets which were satellites of our sun. This was a great comedown for man's vanity, for he finally realized that his home was just a tiny speck of matter in space.

But even this picture was pretty flattering. If the earth wasn't the center of the universe, then at least it was attached to the sun, which was.

But this was not the end of the unhappy process of pricking the bubble of man's vanity. It was discovered that our sun was just one star amongst countless billions of stars.

This larger grouping of stars was called a galaxy.

But even that was not the end. Our galaxy was important, all right, but it was only one family of stars amongst countless others in space.

In a scientific sense man gradually grew up as he increased his knowledge. At first he was a little child who thinks he is the center of all things. Then he discovered he was just a satellite of his parents. Next he discovered his parents were only individual persons among millions.

Finally he discovered that these people lived on a tiny speck of matter called the earth, which was very insignificant in space.

All of these discoveries, of which Harvard adds the newest facts, explain why astronomers seldom have a swelled head. They above all people know how small man's home is in the scheme of greater things.

Life Begins Again for Soul-Battered Poet Wilgus



The Poet When He Described Himself in His Melancholy Verse as "The Ineffectual Fool."

Determined to Join His Lost Love, Jack Wilgus Composed an Ode to Her and Took Poison.



MONTY CREWS

By CHARLES ROBBINS

THE dreams that had made this place a poet's garret had all run out. Now it was just another shabby room in New York's Bohemian quarter, Greenwich Village.

The furniture was battered, and the young man sitting at the desk was rather battered, too. His clothes looked as though they had been slept in; a two-day growth of beard shadowed his face.

On the desk an almost empty bottle of gin, a glass, a fountain pen and two white tablets were arranged about a sheet of writing paper, filigreed with wavering sentences.

The young man's drooping head jerked up. He placed the tablets in his mouth and washed them down with the last of the gin.

Then he picked up the fountain pen.

"She died in agony, alone," he wrote, "while he, as ineffectual as ever, looked wildly about for her. That is all there is to tell, but there is more to be done in this selfish life to satisfy God that..."

The pen sagged in his grasp. He muttered the name "Vivian," and with an effort lurched to his feet.

A few minutes later passers-by found him lying unconscious on the sidewalk in front of his house.

Taken to Bellevue Hospital, he was identified as Jack Wilgus, 28-year-old son of Col. William J. Wilgus, one of the nation's great engineers, builder of New York's Grand Central Station, social registerite, millionaire.

And while the doctors worked over his body, police and reporters probed his past.

The reasons for his suicide attempt were evident not only in his last literary effort but in a letter, also found on his desk.

"Darling," the letter said, "I cannot live without you and I do not even expect to try. Be kind and phone me before it is too late. I love you, Vi."

His own composition, entitled "Ode to the Lost Vivian," ran: "They came together, she and the ineffectual youth. Flint on steel, and the powder flared up."

"Her fortune flickered and was



Vivian Miner, Gay Broadwayite, Who Killed Herself After Quarreling With Wilgus, and (Left) His Father, Col. William J. Wilgus, Who Disinherited Him.

spent. Still he knelt and begged her to come back to him.

"She took her drink and the ineffectual fool let her go."

And then the last sentences, beginning, "She died in agony, alone..."

Jack Wilgus was the "he," the "ineffectual fool" of his ode; the "Lost Vivian" was a Broadway butterfly named Vivian Baldwin Miner.

Arriving in New York some years before, a rich divorcee from the West, she had plunged impetuously into the treacherous currents of New York night life.

Jack, then the husband of Socialite

Alice Doubleday, was exploring the same waters. On sight they were doubly engulfed, in love now as well as dissipation.

He was a pampered young man at the time. "I had my automobiles," he later said. "I even had a private railroad car."

His infatuation cost him these blessings. Alice Doubleday divorced him; his father, the "great genius" of the ode, disinherited him.

But neither was able to force him away from Vivian. It remained for dissipation to do that.

She became a drunkard. Jack, who had turned to writing to support himself, quarreled with her, separated, reunited, and quarreled again. During one of their separations she wrote the note the police found in his room. And this time he responded too late. When he reached her side she was dead.

She had taken poison tablets, with gin as a chaser.

Jack returned to his Greenwich Village room, determined to kill himself exactly as she had.

The doctors at Bellevue thwarted this intention. When, by a miracle, they had brought him back to life, he expressed his thanks by saying, "I won't miss again."

So far as the doctors and the world knew, he might have carried his determination through this second time.

In any event, nearly two decades passed before anything more was heard of him.

Then, a few weeks ago, came an announcement that Asa Wilgus, novelist, had just mar-

ried a literary research worker named Hilda Kortheuer.

An American Weekly reporter investigated, found Asa Wilgus to be Jack Wilgus. He was once more in love, once more writing, once more living in Greenwich Village.

His strange career had completed its cycle in 18 years. But what of the lost period, the period during which many of his friends had thought him dead?

"Well," he said, "on the day I left the hospital, I thought of that ode to Vivian, particularly the last line."

"I'd had death in mind when I'd written it, but you could take it two ways, and I decided that maybe the second was better."

So, assuming a new name, Asa, he had started out to build a new life.

He had sweated as a rag-picker in Massachusetts paper mills, hauled ice on northern lakes, slept in Bowery flophouses, lived for two years in the wilderness, served as a Dartmouth College janitor — and — run for Governor of New Hampshire!

At length he'd decided that he had accumulated enough experience to try his hand once more at writing.

Hilda Kortheuer had helped him. Their literary partnership turned into love, then marriage, and by now they are the proud parents of a couple of novels.

"And your father?" asked the reporter. "Are you finally reconciled?"

"No," said Asa Wilgus musingly. "I've only seen him once — about ten years ago. As a matter of fact, we got into a political argument, and he disinherited me all over again."



Writing Again After 18 Years, Wilgus Has a New Inspiration, Hilda Kortheuer, His Literary Partner and Bride.

Some Old Rackets of the Dry Era Have Been Resurrected by Scarcities, J. Edgar Hoover Discloses, and in Frank, Unvarnished Words Tells Us What We and Our Children, and the FBI Are Up Against



Too Many Mothers Come Home From War Jobs to Find Their Daughters Out of Control and Learn Too Late That First Responsibility to America Is the Proper Upbringing of Their Children.

No. 2—Our Wandering Daughters.

MANY words have been written about juvenile delinquency. Too many, we at the Federal Bureau of Investigation sometimes think, at least under that name, because we have learned through first-hand, day-by-day experience, in wartime and peacetime, that the real delinquency is usually not juvenile but adult.

We should hesitate to add one more word to what has already been said, if it were not for the fact that evidence is beginning to accumulate which shows that placing the blame at home where it belongs—and placing it there often enough and strongly enough—does bring results. For example, consider the following letter:

"I never realized until I fell ill, just how lonely my 14-year-old daughter was before. I love my work so much. I am well paid. I love to take my check in on Saturday and buy with it things for my children.

"What is a woman to do? Work for the war plant and give the children pretty things or work at home for the children, and give them nothing material? But, after all, I guess you are right. The best war job for a mother is staying at home."

That, in our opinion, is sound thinking. There is no patriotic duty that an American mother can perform which transcends the proper bringing-up of an American child.

More mothers, we believe, would feel as this mother, and act as she is acting, if they could see the mass of reports that come daily to the Washington headquarters of the FBI from our field offices all over the country and from cooperating police departments and law enforcement agencies, giving not theories, not arguments, on this subject, but facts.

In these paragraphs you will get these facts in terms of actual cases chosen at random from thousands like them. If you cannot stand facts, if you prefer for your own peace of mind to believe that all is sweetness and light in the lives of our young people, if you do not have the fortitude to face a situation which you and only you, if you are a father or mother or older brother or sister, can cure, skip these pages and let the kids go

their way to disgrace and wasted lives.

One day last spring, seven girls who had been committed to a detention home tried to escape by beating up the matron and smothering her in a blanket. They did not get away, but they did cause authorities to investigate more closely the background responsible for their incarceration.

One of the girls had been led into evil ways by an older woman. The immediate cause of her rebellion, however, was the neglect of her own parents, who had not cared enough about her to visit her after her arrest.

Although only 16 she admitted leading a wayward life, for which nobody could be blamed so much as her own parents.

Another one of the girls was a victim, to some extent, of circumstances, since her parents had been divorced, and her mother, with whom she lived, had remarried and again divorced. Investigation revealed, however, that not only maternal neglect but maternal delinquency had, in this case, contributed to the girl's waywardness.

The mother, a shipyard employee, did no cooking in the house and left her children to find their own food while she sought amusement. The daughter who got into trouble was only 14.

A third girl was the daughter of a mechanic who had left his family for a job at Pearl Harbor and made no financial contribution to his family's welfare, and a mother who took her children with her to bars.

This 16-year-old naturally followed in her mother's evil footsteps.

ONE of the other would-be escapees was the daughter of a mother who drank to excess and a father, divorced, who claimed that he was trying to straighten out his daughter, but was shown to be quite aware of her delinquencies.

And so it went all the way down the line. There was a good reason, or rather a bad one, for every one of those girls finding themselves in that detention home, and, in each case, the reason stemmed back to the parents.

A visit of an investigator to a certain tavern opposite a filling station and overnight cabin establishment discovered two young girls, 14 and 17, being ejected with a great show of force on the ground that they were drunk.

Immediately after their departure, as if by

pre-arrangement, the bartender announced in a loud voice that the girls lived in the cabins across the road.

Investigation revealed that the mother of one of these girls had led a wayward life and that the father of the other one was a drunkard.

The second girl claimed that she began her own drinking by taking her father's drinks to keep him from becoming intoxicated.

The obvious truth about both girls was that they had gone the way they had because those who should have shown them a better way had failed to do so.

Two 10-year-old boys were found giving away money on a street car. They had stolen it from a kindly woman who had taken in one of them because both of his parents worked and he was literally on the streets.

The mother was a welder, the father a joiner, both in war production plants. The couple had 13 children, only two of whom are now alive. The other boy is the son of divorced parents and living with his mother.



Journey's End for Leonard Marcus, 15, Who, Caught Stealing \$85 From His Stepgrandmother's Desk to See the World, Killed Her.

March 19, 1944

All Here—Again By J. Edgar Hoover and Frederick L. Collins



Teen-Age Tragedy Starts When a Neglected Girl With a Craving for Feverish Wartime "Fun" Steals a Dress (Left) to Make Herself More Desirable as a "Pick-Up" Date in a Bar (Above) Or on a Street Corner "Whistle Post" (Right) From Which Point She Has Nowhere to Go But Wrong. (Posed Photos.)



When an investigator called at the mother's place, which is a one-room kitchenette apartment, she found the boy sleeping on a mattress on the floor while his mother entertained a guest. The mother was away all day at her job. Neither of these boys had anywhere to go but wrong.

A 14-year-old girl was reported by her mother as beyond control. The child admitted having behaved improperly with several high school boys. It was discovered that her father not only drank heavily and did not contribute to the support of his family, but had been accused—although the charge was not proved—of offenses against morals.

Two boys, 14 and 15, respectively, were charged with stealing 22 automobiles over a two-week period. One of the youngsters was of apparently superior mentality, with a 120 IQ; his mother was dead, and his father, with whom he lived, was chronically depressed.

The second boy was an illegitimate child, whose mother was deserted by the boy's father immediately after the birth. The mother is now a waitress and B-girl in a beer tavern.

Uniformly sad feature of all these cases and of thousands of others which might be produced to prove that our youngsters are getting out of control through parental neglect is the fact that the saving influence of religion has not been allowed to touch their lives.

Religion in these homes from which young delinquents come either is not mentioned at all

or is openly scoffed at by irreligious parents.

Organized religion as represented in the church is, of course, aware of this deplorable situation, and, in many instances, is doing a fine job of lessening its evils. It is to be hoped and believed that, with the wide publicity being given this subject, the parents of young children will cooperate with the clergy and other church workers to bring their children into circles where religion is believed and taught, and—as a practical aid in this period of often unavoidable home disruption—to give their youngsters the advantages of the wholesome associations and amusements which churches are so ready and willing to provide.

Meanwhile, there are thousands of such cases as we have described. It is a sad and discouraging story. It comes from all sections, and this threatens the safety of the entire community.

THESE neglected children are among our most active and, because of their irresponsibility and lack of knowledge of what their acts may entail, most-feared saboteurs.

In an Ohio City, for example, enough dynamite caps and detonators to blow up a good-sized building were stolen by two boys, aged 12 and 14. In another Midwestern city, several blasts occurred in a vacant lot which the authorities promptly traced to a group of boys who were playing pranks.

In a Southern city, two boys, aged 10 and 9, derailed a freight train. In a Northern city, the plans of a youthful gang of more than 30 youngsters led by an adult were nipped in the bud when it was revealed that they were buying uniforms in order to get into theatres, dances and other places of amusement for half price. That would have led to other activities of a more venturesome and violent nature.

Then, there was the 15-year-old girl who was arrested in the Southwest, who had teamed up with a gang of professional criminals. Her father was a drunkard who had deserted his family.

Her mother let her shift for herself. The young



"Desperadoes" Who Fought a 3-Hour Gun Battle With an Echo Lake, N. J., Posse Turned Out to Be a Pair of 12- and 14-Year-Old Kids.



Morristown, N. J., Junior Legion of Honor Court Where, Supervised by Magistrate, Youngsters Solve Their Conduct Problems.

girl began her sordid career when she started to smoke marijuana cigarettes. It's the old story. First, some adult fails to live up to his parental responsibility, then a youth is allowed to do as he pleases.

But to get back to the point from which we started: The neglect of children by otherwise intelligent parents who are in many cases actuated by what they believe to be the highest motives in seeking war production employment, which prevents them from doing the right kind of a job for their own children on whom the future of our country depends.

The writer of the letter quoted at the beginning of this discussion is fortunate indeed in finding in her daughter's case only those symptoms which she describes and in finding them soon enough, we hope, to prevent them from growing into something far more serious—perhaps permanently incurable.

Not all parents are so wise or so fortunate. Three girls of a highly respectable family became habitual truants. Ages: 16, 15 and 13. The two older girls who were supposed to keep house during their parents' absence on war work stopped going to school, began staying out nights, left the 13-year-old to roam the streets or seek shelter in a neighbor's house.

In this case, the parents probably took great credit to themselves because they were engaged in war work in a city 40 miles distant. They leave home early Monday morning and do not return until Saturday afternoon.

THE authorities try to keep a check on these children, but have little luck. There are plenty of women who can do this mother's job in the war plant. There is only one woman who can do her job at home. She should be doing it.

However, we are glad to report that the letter-writer who has been quoted is only one of many who have seen the wisdom of her course.

As these words are written, there lies on the desk a note from another mother who took a war job when she did not absolutely need to do so, and who did feel her family responsibilities sufficiently to hire a housekeeper to run her home while she and her husband were away, but who has now discovered good and sufficient reasons why she should forget about having "a little money of her own" and stay at home to care for "the little children of her own," whose future she holds in trust for her country.

She reasoned that the housekeeper could do her job as well in the defense plant and she could do a better job at home.

There are many such women who are coming belatedly to the conclusion that they, not their children, are truly delinquent. There should be more. As time goes by, there will be.

With the coming of more normal times incident to the peace for which we are all praying, many of these situations will, we hope, resolve themselves. In individual cases, however, it may be too late unless parents act promptly.

Now, RIGHT NOW, is the time for all good women to come to the aid of their children!



"NOW IT'S 'HOME SWEET HOME,'" says Mrs. James Engler, who hails from South Dakota. "Before Jimmy joined the Army Air Forces, I traipsed all over the country with him and the band he used to sing with. Glad I learned how to keep clothes fresh and pretty in those days, 'cause now his Army pay won't weather too many shopping excursions! Believe me, I'm glad I heard about twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care."

"My clothes look right n' bright in all 48 states—I'm onto

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"



"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap" is Mrs. Engler's advice. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Wash tests galore on dresses, lingerie, sweaters, blouses, housecoats prove hard-to-replace washables give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. They're kind to all your pretty sudables—stockings, girdles, hankies, curtains, bedspreads.

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO!" Mrs. Engler continues. "You may be wasting soap without realizing it. Call a halt to that! Soaps use vital war materials. Measure Ivory Flakes in a cup or glass and add carefully to lukewarm water. You'll get a big bowlful of velvety suds from even a small amount of Ivory Flakes (the flake form of Baby's mild Ivory)."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way helps keep 'pretties' bright and gay!

Tragic Last Minute of the Perfect Beauty's Fabulous Life



Lina Cavallieri, Whose Voice Embraced Three Registers and Whose Love Life, Three Continents, Was Called the World's Loveliest Woman.

By WARREN HALL

SHE sat there on the terrace of her villa overlooking Florence, Italy. There was a drone of planes in the distance, and Lina Cavallieri looked up. They were coming over. Small, black objects were tumbling out of them. Bombs! Was this the end? Was there only a second to review the gay, glamorous, almost unbelievable happenings of 67 tinsel years?

There was. A bomb struck the villa, and in the wreckage lay the body of La Cavallieri, the silver-throated, diamond-studded, platinum-plated link between the Gay Nineties and the even bawdier infancy of the twentieth century. For two decades and on three continents, she had been not only "the loveliest woman in the world" but the symbol and embodiment of an age in which fortunes fell at the feet of beauty.

Her voice embraced three registers and her love life embraced two husbands and a score or more of sweethearts, including a baker's dozen of princes and grand dukes. She captivated opera audiences, but even today no one is quite sure whether she could really sing. The lines of her face and figure were so harmonious that critics forgot to observe whether there was harmony in her notes.

No one knew better than Lina that love preserves beauty and that the mouth that is kissed keeps its freshness. For more than half a century she fed on kisses as a bee feeds on flowers. And the honey that she found was golden.

Lina started life as a flower girl in Rome and ended it, at 67, a still-beautiful woman with a sizable fortune, a collection of unshattered illusions and enough memories to while away long afternoons on the terrace of her Florentine villa.

One of the first to come under her spell was Robert Winthrop Chanler, grandson of John Jacob Astor. He fell in love with her when she sang

at the Manhattan Opera House and followed her to Paris. They were married there in 1910—but only after he had signed a pre-nuptial agreement giving her the income from \$10,000,000.

"With those white arms around me, I would have signed anything," he explained.

His come-to-papa philanthropy became the inspiration for a catch-phrase that survives to this day. His brother, John Armstrong Chaloner, who disliked the family so much he changed his name, had escaped from a New York institution after being adjudged insane. When he heard that Bob had signed away a large portion of his fortune, John wired his brother: "Who's booney now?" It was a celebrated parting shot, which was heard 'round the world.

Before the marriage was many months old, Lina left her husband and went to live with Prince Dolgorouki of Russia. She was also the recipient of general flattery and admiration from the young and handsome Prince Murat. When Chanler objected, she filed suit for divorce.

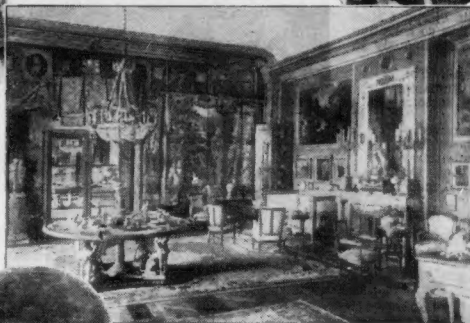
Soon she was seen—too often—with the Grand Duke Orloff, who uttered her name with the emotion of a man saluting his sovereign. He gave way to Prince Bariatsky, High Chamber-



Cartoonists Lampooned Princess Bariatsky's Efforts to Imitate Her Sparkling Rival.



Lucien Muratore, Lina's Second Husband, Some Critics Claimed, Could, "Bleat, Bark, Bray and Bellow" Better Than Any Other Tenorino on the Continent.



Art Objects, Knickknacks and Gimcracks From All Over the World Filled the Love Nest of Lina and Her Lucien.



A Few Months of Married Bliss With La Lina Cost Robert Winthrop Chanler \$500,000.

lain of the Czar's court, who placed his vast fortune at Lina's disposal.

She disposed of plenty. The perfection of her clothes and toilettes soon rivalled her personal charms, and she blazed with so many pearls and diamonds that she became the envy of the female world.

Her liaison with Prince Bariatsky lasted for years, even surviving his marriage to a charming princess.

To wean her husband from Lina, the princess attempted to become the prima donna's double. She patronized the same milliners, bootmakers and dressmakers, and even tried to imitate Lina's mannerisms. But it was no use. When Lina left the capital for tours of the continent, Prince Bariatsky remained faithful to his wife. But when Lina returned, so did the prince.

The one great love of Lina's life was Lucien Muratore of the Opera Comique, who, some critics said, could "bleat, bark, bray and bellow" better than any other tenorino on the continent. Lucien, who had divorced Madame Beriza of the opera

company, was living with pretty Marceline Rouvier, prima ballerina of the Paris Opera, when Lina met him.

Illustrating the French axiom that a woman usually takes a lover to steal him from a rival, Lina appropriated Lucien and carried him off to Genoa, where he could adore her beauty far from the jealous eyes of Marceline. Not content with abducting the tenor, Lina later hired some Paris apaches to kidnap Ariane-Louise, the child Marceline had borne him. She also married off Ariane-Louise to her own child, Captain Alexander of the Italian Flying Corps.

When Le Muratore and La Cavallieri parted after ten exciting years, Lucien got in the last word. He said: "A man enters upon servitude when he becomes the lover of a Roman woman. She absorbs his time mercilessly. He must always be at his post to offer his arm, bring bouquets, make presents, show constant devotion and be always ecstatic, or she concludes he has another mistress."

Their public bickerings amused Paris. Lina said Muratore's voice filled the Opera Comique—and emptied it. Muratore retorted that La Cavallieri was not as attractive as she thought, and that she had a mouth big enough to sing a duet.

Before the bomb fell, Lina had climaxed her busy life with a successful career as a Paris beautician.

At 52, she almost married her 25-year-old attorney. At 64 she published her memoirs, which contained her recipe for success: "Women sleep too much."



Cyrano's Nose Embittered His Life But Durante's Became the Principal "Prop" of His Uninhibited Kidding and Tossing Things Around.



Starting As a Skilled Pianist, Durante Found His Audiences More Intent on His Nose Than His Notes, So He Pocketed His Pride and Gave Them What They Wanted.

Wish You Were as NUTS as Schnozzle?

Probably Your Inhibitions Make You Like Mr. Durante's Antics — And Explain the Popular Zany's Success, Too

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

CYRANO DE BERGERAC had a big nose and was frightfully self-conscious about it. John Pierpont Morgan had a big nose and was so sensitive about it that he objected strenuously to having his picture taken.

Socrates, Oliver Cromwell, Tolstol, King Ferdinand of Rumania also had enormous and famous noses.

Some of these men became reclusive on account of their noses. But Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante threw aside all inhibitions about the magnitude of his nose—and made himself a millionaire by doing it.

He started as a serious jazz pianist, and to this day he is an expert in tickling the ivories. But when he found that audiences were less intent upon hearing his music than looking at his nose, he called their attention to his proboscis. When he made fun of his snout, audiences roared.

What's more, Jimmy felt better about it himself. No use worrying about the big nose. He had it, and that was that. Why get self-conscious? Why become a recluse over something that was bewilderingly different from the rest of mankind?

So Jimmy threw overboard any sensitive ideas he had about his nose and began to make money from it.

For a quarter of a century now he has changed his inhibitions about his nose into ridicule. People have enjoyed the fun he pokes at his own nose, for almost each one of his listeners has a sensitive spot about his own appearance. Maybe it is baldness, an Elk's goitre around the midriff, ears that stick out, big feet.

It is a good lesson in mental hygiene for these people when they hear someone make fun of a far more prominent defect of his own. They forget, for the nonce, their own



Jimmy's Biggest Laughs Come From Deflating Things, Like Bass Drums and Overstuffed Dowagers.



sensitivity over some disturbing physical feature on their own bodies.

But there are other inhibitions galore, which most of us have.

There are words we must not use.

Men must take off their hats when indoors. We must inhibit our impulses to shout. We should not make ourselves conspicuous. We should not reveal our lack of education.

Those are but a few of the things we are taught, and all of them make us inhibit our impulses.

Well, Durante threw off the inhibitions about his nose, and then he began to throw off a lot of other inhibitions.

Consider the battered hat he wears in his act. The boss objected to his wearing it during his act.

"If I can't wear me hat like a gentleman," Jimmy retorted, "den ya never hears anudder woid outta me." And what man hasn't been a bit re-

sentful when his wife reminded him to take his hat off in the house?

His inhibitions about treating important people importantly were also thrown away.

"Looka da people at dem ringside tables," he says in a swank nightclub. "Ya tink dat dey are important? Naw! When dey come in, dey slips the headwaiter a ten-dollar bill. Dat makes dem important."

And the charges for "victuals in nightclubs — who hasn't wanted to say something about them, but inhibited the remarks! But not Durante. He spotted a waiter with a bowl of cracked ice, upon which a few olives and celery stalks reposed.

"Dere goes nickel's wort' of ice, and a quarter's wort' a' celery 'n' olives. Jus' try to get it for less dan twelve bucks!"

The management probably would like to fire him for such remarks. Jimmy is uninhibited about high society. He will lean over a dowager in a low-necked evening gown and ask: "Pardon me, Madame, dew you feel a draft?"

Who hasn't wanted to throw things around at times? Durante throws them. Not only his own battered hat, but musical instruments, dishes, telephones, anything he can grab.

He has ruined many band instruments by throwing a grapefruit into them. He used to throw his bicycle into the orchestra pit. Once, when he was working with Lupe Velez, his act had no finish, so he threw her into the orchestra.

Now on earth can he get by with all this, many wonder. He does get by with it, to the tune of about \$5,000 a week. He can't sing, for his voice is like a Brooklyn fish-peddler's with a sore throat. He can't act. He can't dance. But he can entertain

people because he helps them get rid of some of their own inhibitions.

You've wanted to yell in public? Well, Durante does it for you, and with much more gusto than you could achieve yourself.

You've wanted to be frank about a gift someone gave you? Well, ringsiders give Durante a cigar, he lights it, and says soon: "Dis segar was given ta me by Koinel."

You've been afraid to use some words for fear you would mispronounce them? That doesn't bother Jimmy with his seventh grade education. He uses the hard words, and lets them fall where they may.

He talks about the "exhilarator" on his car. "So dey says I ain't got no edification," he exclaims. "why, I even keeps a set of da Inslyclopedia Britannia in me bathroom."

People who are inhibited like him. But folk who take perfect speech and good manners as a ritual just can't take Durante. Those who are overly conscientious think he is merely a horribly uncouth and noisy fellow.

A few inhibitions are a good thing. Some impulses do have to be kept under control, for the good of both the individual and the others.

Too many inhibitions, however, are a bad thing. Especially when they become ingrown and we are no longer aware of them. Then they become repressions that cause many of the nervous disorders of the world.

Jimmy's own father, Bartolommeo, apparently had his old-country inhibitions. He was 81 when he saw Son Jimmy perform for the first time.

"Well, Pop," Jimmy asked him in expectation of praise, "how'd ya like my work?"

"Listen, Son," his father replied, "let's not get in an argument."



© 1944, The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker craftsmen build engines for this latest model Flying Fortress

HERE'S the mightiest Boeing Flying Fortress of them all—the brand-new B-17G. At first glance, it doesn't look much different from previous Fortress models—until you notice that new turret under the bombardier's platform armed with its two devastating 50-caliber machine guns. Studebaker has the responsibility of building Wright Cyclone engines for this invincible Boeing bomber. And the assignment is a logical recognition of Studebaker's great engine-building reputation, so brilliantly exemplified for many years in the fine power

plants of the famous Studebaker Champion, Commander and President cars. Studebaker engineers, production experts and craftsmen fully recognize the urgent needs of our armed forces for more and more of the war equipment required for decisive victory. That's why they're sparing no effort on any of their wartime manufacturing assignments—mighty Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-drive military trucks for the fighting fronts and supply lines of the United Nations as well as other vital war matériel.



Studebaker builds tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks—They've been in the thick of the fighting on the Russian front. They're serving the United Nations from Alaska to the Middle East and from the British Isles to India. Studebaker is now one of the world's largest manufacturers of big military trucks.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS ★

Awarded to Aviation Division  of The Studebaker Corporation

Studebaker **BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES
FOR THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS**

Mme. Dickinson's Dolls Delivered Her to the FBI

DOLLS kindle the heart with thoughts of the nursery, the innocence of childhood, kids at Christmas. Mrs. Velvalce Malvena Dickinson surrounded herself with them, made them her business, and the other day she was indicted on a charge of using them—in all their innocence—to circumvent the nation's wartime censorship laws to protect the people from their enemies.

And the dolls, as wide-eyed as the toys that help while away the hours in the playpen, were her acquiescers.

Forces working against the Government in wartime, including anybody from spies down to food chislers, have been tripped up by any manner of circumstances. Now dolls are enlisted in the war effort. Mrs. Dickinson found out when she wrote letters about them. It was as simple as that.

The letters looked innocent enough, just as the dolls did. But the FBI got the idea the subject matter was double doll talk. Agents poked around Mrs. Dickinson's fancy doll shop in New York's Madison Avenue, and what they found led to her arrest. That's why she was sent to jail, lacking \$25,000 bail.

Mrs. Dickinson wasn't accused of being a spy. What she did, the FBI charged, was to mail messages in code to Argentina. Mail to Argentina is scrutinized as a matter of routine because until recently the South American coun-



It Must Have Seemed to Mrs. Dickinson That Her Little Proteges Had Turned On Her, for As She Took \$16,000 From Her Safe Deposit Box the FBI Closed In.



Mrs. Dickinson (Above) Built a Nice

Business Collecting and Selling Dolls to Some 20,000 Customers, and She Might

Still Have Them If She Hadn't Used Them as Pawns in a Nefarious Scheme, the Government Charges.

12 March 19, 1944

The Double Talking Darlings Dis- tressed the Cen- sor, the G-Men Found a Code— And the Lady Went to the Hoosegow

other, as "texture" being understood to mean "carrier."

There was no charge of money changed hands. Mrs. Dickinson was provided with funds when she was arrested. She was, in fact, removing \$16,000 from a safe deposit box in a basement in Manhattan's East Side. FBI agents tapped her on the shoulder.

And when she was arraigned before a United States Commissioner after her arrest her lawyer said she had \$10,000 on deposit, in addition to the \$16,000 seized by the Government.

This would indicate there is a lot of money in the dolls.

Mrs. Dickinson didn't go quietly with the G-Men. She stands less than five feet and weighs under 100 pounds, but, according to agents, she put up a very respectable fight.

Commissioner Garret W. Carter ordered her to submit a routine fingerprint file. She glared at him, "No photograph," she said.

Her known background is colorful. In 1913, of California, she attended the University of California and in 1937 received a bachelor of arts degree from Stanford University.

She was married three times; she has been twice divorced. Her most recent husband, Lee T. Dickinson, a former West Coast commodity broker, died last year.

In 1938 she opened her Madison Avenue shop, populating it with dolls garbed like natives of Dutch Guiana, India, China and other foreign lands. She built up a clientele of nearly 20,000, mostly adult doll collectors.

While in California she had brokerage accounts for Japanese students of El Centro, according to the FBI, and was a member of the Japanese-American Society.

During the last four years, Mrs. Dickinson traveled often between Latin and Pacific coasts. She said her husband's death she has lived in her shop with her brother, Louis Blucher, former labor relations counsel for the War Production Board.

Her travels undoubtedly gave Dickinson a wide acquaintance with the costumes of all countries, thus made it easier for her to make her dolls authentically.

Of course, as an FBI agent pointed out, this isn't the first censorship case in which dolls have been involved. Only, in the other instance, the dolls were more of the type mentioned in the current popular song, "Paper Doll." You know—big dollies—that walk and dance, and have rolling blue eyes and long, long lashes, say "Daddy" and generally wear mink.

Such dolls, it has been found, can be extremely dangerous in wartime. In fact, a few of them have been put away for the duration, in safe little doll houses with iron bars on the windows.

Compared with such dolls as these, Mrs. Dickinson's were really very innocent.

ty maintained diplomatic relations with our enemies and is known to be a hotbed of Axis espionage. Consequently, the charge against Mrs. Dickinson is "concealing from the Office of Censorship the intended meaning of a communication by mail."

Authorities were tight lipped concerning the clues that led to Mrs. Dickinson's doll shop. But it was reported that censors suddenly realized the doll business between New York and Buenos Aires was assuming tremendous proportions. And the FBI stepped in.

The investigators made the dolls talk in a sign language all their own. The agents discovered, they said, that Mrs. Dickinson was using the names and types of dolls as code words for vital information about the nation's war measures. Through them, it was alleged, the state of the United States defenses on the West Coast was being transmitted to Argentina. What happened to the letters is anybody's guess.

The innocent-looking business letters, Federal agents claim, employed an open code, which is more difficult to decipher than a so-called secret code. Expert cryptographers can break the toughest secret code, which substitutes one letter for another, such as "a" for "w." They can do it even in Japanese. But an open code designates one word for an-



"Precious little!...but I'll make it fight for freedom!"

THE THINGS women are doing with little bits of food these days! Left-overs . . . small amounts that didn't look like much . . . now turn up in "wartime specials"—delicious, attractive, patriotic dishes. "It makes me so proud of American women!" Kate Smith says. "Practically overnight they've formed new food habits . . . learned more ways to conserve, to cut waste, to do with less . . . so there'll be more to share with our fighting men, our allies, and our neighbors. "I hope the Jell-O and Jell-O Pudding recipes I've been giving you are helpful to you in your own special job of making food fight for freedom. Here are two new ones—and something more besides—the offer of a

brand-new recipe booklet, 'Bright Spots for Wartime Meals.'"

Send for this booklet of "wartime specials"!

You'll find this booklet full of rationwise ideas. There are dozens of grand recipes worked out for cooks who need ideas for different, attractive ways to use up every bit of food. For your copy of "Bright Spots for Wartime Meals," send 6¢ in stamps to General Foods, Dept. A.W. 3-44, Battle Creek, Mich. (Offer expires Oct. 1, 1944. Good only in U.S.A.)

• Listen in to the new, hour-long Kate Smith show . . . every Friday evening on the entire Columbia network. 8 P.M. EDT; 7 P.M. CWT; 6 P.M. MWT; 9 P.M. PWT.

"Here's some help!" says Kate Smith



PIQUANT HAM MOLD

1 package 1-cup Jell-O
1 1/2 cups cold water
3 tablespoons vinegar
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon scraped onion
1/3 cup chopped sweet pickles
1 1/2 tablespoons diced pimiento

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add vinegar, salt, and onion. Measure 1 cup and add 1 1/2 tablespoons cold water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add pickles and pimiento. Turn into ring mold. Chill until firm.

Chill and whip remaining Jell-O as directed on package. Combine mayonnaise and milk and fold into whipped mixture. Add remaining ingredients. Turn onto firm Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with celery curls, escarole and pimiento strips, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

What makes Jell-O taste better?

That exclusive "locked-in" goodness! There's no wartime let-down in Jell-O's superior quality and flavor!



STRAWBERRY • RASPBERRY • CHERRY • ORANGE • LEMON • LIME



BANANA PUDDING

1 recipe Jell-O Butterscotch or Vanilla Pudding
1 egg white
1 large or 2 small ripe bananas, diced

Prepare pudding as directed on package. Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold up in moist peaks. Fold hot pudding mixture gradually into egg white. Fold in banana. Cool, stirring occasionally. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Garnish with banana slices and maraschino cherry, if desired. Serve plain or with cream. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

Which Jell-O Puddings taste better?

Those richer, deeper, old-time flavors! Wartime has made no difference in the deliciousness of Jell-O Puddings!



CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH

How to get your fair share . . . Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings go off your grocer's shelves awfully fast these days. Everybody seems to want them—and of course the supplies are limited by sugar rationing. But every effort is being made to distribute the supply fairly. Ask your grocer to save your share for you! Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings are products of General Foods.



Slime Is the Word for the "River of Death" Country—Slimy Underfoot, Slimy Growths Overhead, Slimy Creeping Creatures Everywhere. It Was Deep in These Fetid Wastes That Fawcett Sought an Oasis—And the Legendary "Golden City of Manoa."

Clues at Last to Mystic Fawcett and the CITY of GOLD

New Evidence That He May Have Survived 19 Years in the "Green Hell" of the Brazilian Jungles—As a Captive or a God

By **LOWELL THOMAS**

Famed Author, Explorer and Radio Commentator

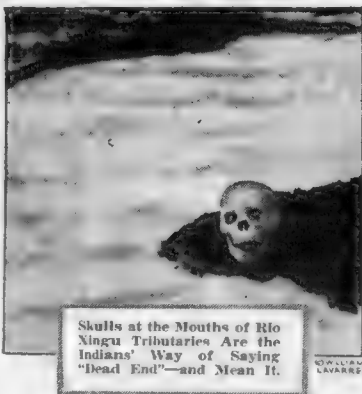
FROM the deadly Brazilian wilderness an expedition has returned bringing evidence which may answer a question that has tantalized the world of explorers for 19 years.

In 1925, an English artillery officer named Col. Percy Harrison Fawcett departed on a journey of discovery up the Rio Xingu, a journey from which he never returned. That stream is sometimes known as the River of Death.

It runs north for more than a thousand miles to its confluence with the Amazon and originates in the famous Matto Grosso. Julian Duguid christened that region "Green Hell" and wrote, in 1931: "Even the President of Brazil dare not send police after a criminal who has gained the tree-girt sanctuary of the Matto Grosso."

There was a saying around the Explorers' Club that "from the Xingu country no one ever returns." That is not quite true, since expeditions that searched for Fawcett did come back. But they all came back empty-handed, until Col. Mario Barata of the Brazilian army showed up not long ago with a small golden compass and a notebook identified as Fawcett's.

The disappearance of this British soldier, explorer and mystic has become one of the most widely known classic mysteries of the missing.



Skulls at the Mouths of Rio Xingu Tributaries Are the Indians' Way of Saying "Dead End"—and Mean It.

It belongs in the same file with the stories of Johann Orth, the vanished Archduke of Austria; of Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr; of Ambrose Bierce; of the great French explorer, Admiral the Count de La Perouse; of the U.S.S. Cyclops and her men.

But the element of mysticism makes the Fawcett story peculiarly interesting.

Col. Fawcett was a graduate of Woolwich Military Academy. As a subaltern he was stationed in Ceylon. Fawcett became fascinated by the Buddhist antiquities and legends in which the island abounds. One rumor was that he searched for the buried treasure of the ancient Kandyan kings. But he was no hunter after riches and probably the treasure he sought was of an antiquarian character.

Such an experience may well develop the mysticism in a man, and Fawcett was by no means the only soldier with such tendencies; witness my friend and former colleague, Major Francis Yeats-Brown, the Bengal lancer.

To Overturn in These Rapids Means Death—and There Are Many in Matto Grosso Streams.

In 1906 Fawcett was lent to the Bolivian government to survey part of the frontier between Bolivia and Brazil. He earned enough to become fascinated by the legend of the Golden City of Manoa.

He resigned from the British Army and led several expeditions into that baffling land. In 1914 he left one of them abruptly to serve

with distinction on the Western Front. He was demobilized with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and returned to Brazil.

The search for the Golden City of Manoa has challenged several adventurous souls. The most illustrious among them was the great Spaniard, Alvar Nunez, whom we know better by his nickname Cabeza de Vaca or "Cow-head."

He was one of the finest Spaniards who ever lived, a devout Christian and the first to oppose the Conquistadors' policy of enslaving and brutalizing the Indians. What interested him in the legend of the Lost City was not the gold, but the rumor that it was a Utopia, ruled by a godlike priest-king who governed with divine justice a realm whose subjects were completely happy.

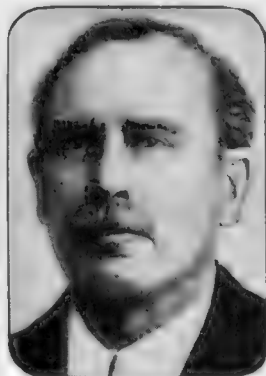
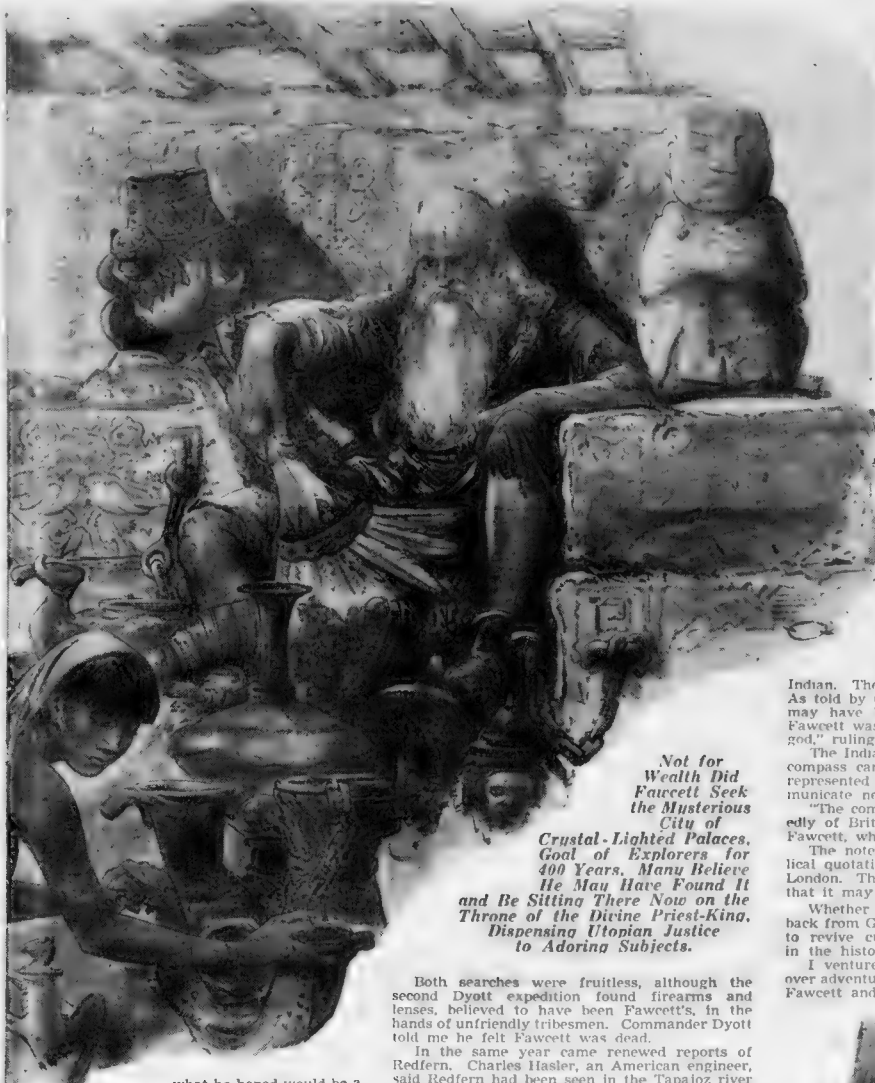
Early in 1925 Col. Fawcett started on his last search for that City of Gold, Manoa, or, as it is sometimes called, Ciboa. With him went his son, Jack; a companion, Raleigh Rimmel; and a few native guides.

In May of 1925, Col. Fawcett wrote three dispatches and sent them out by courier. They told little of actual discoveries, but one of them contained this striking last message: "I have taken among the jungle Indians of Ipanema a few bones in those forests with dozens of warriors of stone. The inside is lit up by a great square crystal on a pillar. It shines so brightly as to dazzle the eyes. The Indians have a legend of the light that never goes out. He added:

"This building lies along our route, within a few days' journey. We plan to visit it."

That was the last certain word from him. In 1927 another character entered the story. On August 25 of that year a South Carolina flier, Paul Redfern, set out, on his 25th birthday, on





Col. Percy Harrison Fawcett, Who, His Wife Says, Communicates With Her From the Lost City by Telepathy Whenever the Moon Is Full.

*Not for
Wealth Did
Fawcett Seek
the Mysterious
City of
Crystal-Lighted Palaces,
Goal of Explorers for
400 Years. Many Believe
He May Have Found It
and Be Sitting There Now on the
Throne of the Divine Priest-King,
Dispensing Utopian Justice
to Adoring Subjects.*

Both searches were fruitless, although the second Dyott expedition found firearms and lenses, believed to have been Fawcett's, in the hands of unfriendly tribesmen. Commander Dyott told me he felt Fawcett was dead.

In the same year came renewed reports of Redfern. Charles Hasler, an American engineer, said Redfern had been seen in the Tapajoz river region, on the upper Amazon.

The young flier's uncle, Robert Redfern, committed suicide while organizing an expedition to rescue his nephew.

In 1933 Mrs. Nina Fawcett, then living at Golders Green, a London suburb, heard from the British embassy at Rio de Janeiro that a missionary had been in touch with Indians who described three white men living with jungle dwellers.

Mrs. Fawcett believed the report.

"His courage would never fail!" she exclaimed. "No doubt he is carrying on scientific work, and will not leave until it is completed."

In 1934, someone in the British Foreign Office "leaked" the news that Col. Fawcett was alive and safe. Mrs. Fawcett remarked:

"My husband is in no danger from the Indians. But there are certain other people who would do anything within their power to prevent him from returning to civilization."

It was in 1937 that Redfern's wife, now thirty, abandoned hope and won a court decision that her husband was legally dead.

Next year, however, she almost went on a fresh expedition, headed by Theodore J. Waldeck, New York explorer.

Two more years passed, and in 1939 came reports on both disappearances. Alfred Realinin, Brazilian explorer, said he had seen the skeletons of Col. Fawcett and Jack, both killed by Indians. A few months later Gustavo Lentulus said a friend had shown him a wristwatch, belt buckle and weather-beaten papers bearing the name Redfern, taken from a skeleton in a plane wreckage.

But one wife at least never gave up hope. Last time Mrs. Nina Fawcett was interviewed in southern France, she said:

"At night when the moon is full I enter into telepathic communication with Col. Fawcett. I have received personal reassurance that he is still alive."

In addition to Fawcett's compass and notebook, Col. Mario Barata brought back a report that he obtained the articles by barter from an Indian. The Indian also related a strange story. As told by Col. Barata, the story indicates there may have been solid ground for rumors that Fawcett was captured and installed as a "white god," ruling over a forgotten city.

The Indian was reticent as to how the golden compass came into his hands. Some believe it represented a desperate effort of Fawcett to communicate news of his fate.

"The compass," said Col. Barata, "is undoubtedly of British make. It definitely belonged to Fawcett, who wore it on his helmet."

The notebook, which consists largely of Biblical quotations and drawings, has been sent to London. There it is being studied, on the chance that it may contain some disguised message.

Whether he is alive or dead, the relics brought back from Green Hell by Col. Barata have served to revive curiosity about this strange chapter in the history of modern exploration.

I venture to predict that when this war is over adventurers will risk their lives trying to find Fawcett and the Lost City of Gold.

what he hoped would be a flight to Rio de Janeiro, following which he might search for Fawcett. He left his 20-year-old wife with these words: "You are my best luck, darling!"

Last news of Redfern came from a Norwegian freighter off the Brazilian coast. He dropped a note asking directions, received a reply signal and was off.

For six months there was no word of the lost flier, and a search by the Brazilian government brought no word of any aviator grounded in the jungle. A French airman had disappeared there just before Redfern.

But suddenly just as Mrs. Redfern had given up hope, reassuring tales began springing up all over the Brazilian jungle, of a white aviator who had broken both legs when his monoplane crashed.

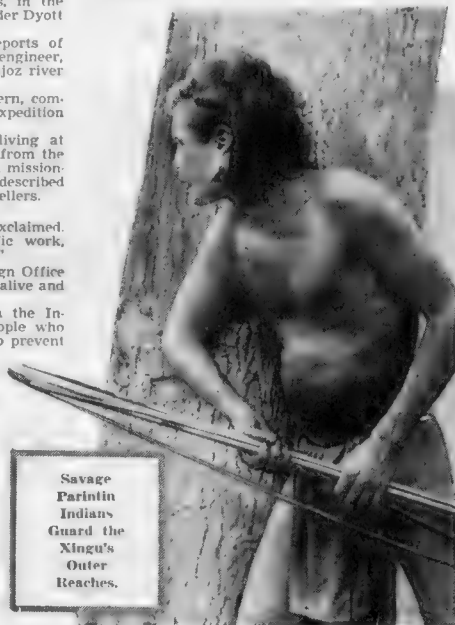
About the same time, a Brazilian engineer reported having seen and talked with Col. Fawcett, his son and another white man near Diamantina City.

On the strength of that report, an expedition headed by Commander G. M. Dyott set out, but discovered nothing.

In March of 1932, a Swiss trapper arrived in Washington with a story of having met a man he believed to be Fawcett in the Brazilian jungle. The man, he said, whose beard was long and gray, wore tattered khaki shorts, the remnants of a shirt, and native rubber shoes. He said he was an Englishman. Asked if he didn't want to go back home, he replied, "Never! I hate that life!"

When the trapper put the point-blank question: "Are you Colonel Fawcett?" he walked into the jungle.

That report stirred interest. In June a British expedition headed by Robert Churchward set out, and in the fall of 1930 Commander Dyott had left again.



Savage
Parintin
Indians
Guard the
Xingu's
Outer
Reaches.

Frigidaire repeats its wartime suggestions on **HOW TO KEEP MEAT**



In these days of smaller civilian supplies, save all of meat's goodness, and use all of it, too!

Here are helpful hints based on Frigidaire's 25 years' experience in the food-keeping field. All of these meat-keeping facts have been checked and verified by other eminent authorities. Keep them handy!

54 Suggestions for Leftovers

USE IN	BEEF	LAMB	PORK	VEAL	POULTRY	FISH
Hash	X	X	X		X	
Meat Pie	X	X		X	X	
Sliced	X	X	X		X	
Soup	X	X	X		X	
Stuffed Pepper	X			X	X	
Stew	X	X	X		X	
Chili	X				X	
Croquette	X	X	X		X	
Creamed	X	X	X		X	
Meat Loaf	X	X	X		X	
Scalloped	X	X	X		X	
Sandwich Filling	X	X	X		X	
Salads		X	X		X	

General Rules of Meat-Keeping

After purchase, remove meat from market paper. Don't wash or wipe with a damp cloth. Don't cut or chop it until just before using. If your refrigerator has a covered meat compartment, the meat can be stored without wrapping. Otherwise, wrap lightly in waxed paper, leave ends open for free air circulation, and store in defrosting tray or as near freezing unit as possible.

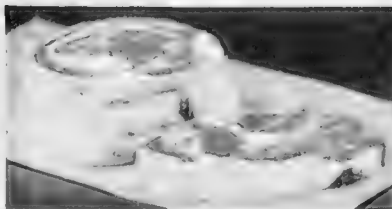
How to Freeze Meats

Wrap well in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together.) To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Never re-freeze meat after thawing. Frozen meat may be thawed before cooking, or cooked directly from the frozen state, but when this is done, more time must be allowed for cooking.

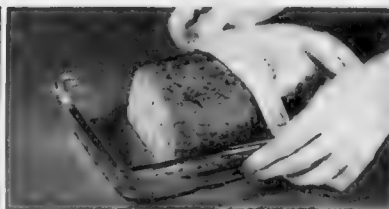
Free! Get WARTIME SUGGESTIONS from your Frigidaire Dealer .



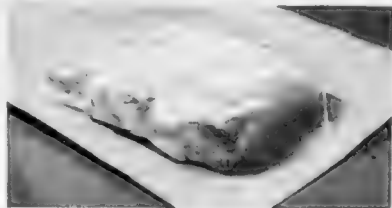
36 pages of helpful, practical ideas like those on this page. Look for your dealer's Frigidaire store sign, or find name in your classified directory under REFRIGERATORS. Or write Frigidaire, 437 Taylor St., Dayton 1, Ohio.



Steaks, chops and roasts may be kept up to three days in meat tray or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If you buy for later use, wrap and freeze. See how on this page.



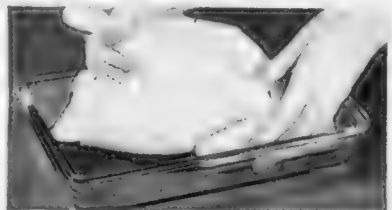
Leftover cooked meats should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally, leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.



Frozen meats will keep for long periods in the freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat should be cooked as soon as possible. Caution: Never refreeze meat after it has thawed.



Ground meat should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase or frozen when you get home. For convenience, separate ground meats into individual portions before freezing.



Poultry, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed before refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.



Fish should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer, freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions given in the first column at left.

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GENERAL MOTORS

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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • WATER HEATERS
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BEVERAGE, MILK AND WATER COOLERS

Food Fights For Freedom!

Store foods properly as soon as you get them home. Prepare foods carefully. Cook and serve no more than is needed. Use all of your leftovers. Throw nothing away!



By JOHN U. STURDEVANT

TANIS could be a boy's name. And Tanis Chandler could be a boy. But she isn't. She's a very shape of young woman, even in male attire. When the director ordered her to strip to the waist, she blushed, stammered, refused, and

Joined the list of those who have hoaxed their way into the movies!

To such famous Hollywood hoaxers as Margaret Lindsay, Robert Cummings, Sigrid Gurle, Lynn Bari and Burnu Acquanetta, you may now add the name of this resourceful stenographer who threw up her job in a brokerage office to seek a Hollywood career.

Tanis Chandler learned very soon that Hollywood wasn't going to be any cinch. She knew she could act, but every time she approached a casting director, his answer was always the same:

"Sorry, no jobs today for gals. But, if you know of any young fellows . . ."

When she had had enough of this sort of thing, Tanis decided to try crashing the movies the hard way, which is not only embarrassing if you get caught trying it, but may also be ruinous to a budding career.

The way is via the hoax route, and to Tanis that meant one thing: If Hollywood was short of male actors—as it is, owing to the war—she would become a man.

She spent hours practicing her new role, the most difficult an actress could essay. She knew it had to be perfect, this impersonation. Not only to fool keen-eyed casting directors, but a lot of experienced actors and actresses who would be quick to discern one false move. She found that her trim figure helped a lot in passing as a youth, but to pitch her voice to masculine level was a serious matter. Nevertheless she successfully managed it.

When she found that the casting director who was in "The Desert Song," Tanis appeared, clad in dungarees, her blond, curly hair shaved into a man's Mohawk cut.

She got the job. And, and, and the work of the past few impersonations fortunately escaped notice.

She did well enough to land her first second job. For this part, she was dressed as a young man in outdoor clothes, and was pushing a mower across a stretch of lawn, an official lawn, when Director Curtis Bernhardt called to her:

"This scene will be more effective if you strip to the waist. Then it will look like you're really working hard."

She blushed, stammered, and said: "But—I can't take my shirt

When the Director Ordered One Actor to Get More Realism Into His Lawn-mowing by Removing His Shirt There Was a Startling Revelation, a Movie Career Ended Abruptly, But Happily Another Began.

How to Get Into the Movies—in 6 Easy Hoaxes



To Wartime Hollywood Casting Offices, Short of Male Actors, Tanis Was Just Another Gal—Until Her Big Idea Was Born.

Her Hoax Exposed by Accident, Tanis Chandler Learned That Hollywood Still Has a Pretty Sharp Eye for Talent.

phisticated Hollywood easily.

Margaret Lindsay went to England and stayed just long enough to acquire an accent and familiarize herself with English customs and stage personalities.

Then she reeled back to the film-making center to pose successfully as an English actress. After she achieved stardom, she didn't mind people knowing about her bluff.

Robert Cummings went further along the hoax route. In England, according to filmland legend, he hired an empty theatre. In big lights, he stretched his name across the theatre marquee. Then he hired a photographer to shoot the impressive display from various angles. Back in Hollywood, Bob showed the photographs to the right people. They were properly impressed and Bob won his chance in the movies.

Sigrid Gurle, another famous hoaxer, led Hollywood to believe that she was Norway's gift to films. Her hair, that I hair and unusual nose, and her about the 15, and Sigrid landed a contract.

Then word leaked out that the closest Sigrid had ever been to New York was when she lived in Brooklyn. But, by that time, it didn't matter. Sigrid was sitting pretty with a pile of Hollywood dough in her lap.

Burnu Acquanetta was flung into films when a producer got the notion that she was the "Venezuelan Bombshell." She wasn't, but she looked and talked the part.

When they asked her to produce her passport, she couldn't.

Donning Men's Clothes, Tanis Skipped All Her Hopes of a Movie Career on Her Ability to Play a Masculine Role.

off. I mean, I can, but I won't. It would spoil the take. You see, I'm a girl!"

And, she might have added, a pretty sad girl, expecting to be kicked off the studio lot—to be pointed out as a phony whose chance in Hollywood was forever lost.

But, after the director and the rest of the cast had stopped laughing, Tanis learned that Hollywood still has a pretty sharp eye for talent.

Instead of being sent packing, she was re-cast in another film as a waitress. And now the studio is talking of contracts, and those other little tricks that Tanis had long dreamed about.

Other hoaxers have tried various stunts, some even more difficult than Tanis'. And they've imposed on so-

It was one of those dreadfully embarrassing moments that seem like a bad dream and for Burnu's poor Burnu just didn't know what to say. All she could do was stand there with her mouth open.

"It really isn't necessary," Burnu was forced to murmur faintly. "But, after all, I am an American. Yes, a full-blooded American. I am really an Italian from Wyoming."

When the director and Wyoming way yelled, Burnu's place of origin was quickly changed to Pennsylvania or Oklahoma or somewhere. It's been going on that way for some time, but now, it's anybody's guess where the director will list her this time.

Light Burnu probably takes the part for a while, but the next morning, when it comes to it, could easily have stopped her career before it began.

She told the casting boys: that she was an extremely delicate sort of an English girl and that she was a new one. Something distracted the boys from asking her to produce her passport, but good looks, perhaps. It was just as well. She knew only a couple of stunts pulled off without detection.

Lynn doesn't have to worry now. She's done well, but just mention "Lynn's best" in her presence and you get the colorful spectacle of a hat on being turned green.

And, it would appear, Tanis Chandler doesn't have to worry much, either. She's over the first big hurdle. In Hollywood, that's what counts.

PEGGY FEARNS AS
She Is Today,
Ready to Face
Life All Over
Again—Alone.

I Traded in My Heart" By Peggy Fears

The Sparkling Memoirs of
the Broadway Cinderella
Who Got Everything She
Wanted—Fame, Riches and
a Millionaire Prince Charm-
ing—But Found Out She
Didn't Want
Any of Them

"I Turned Away
From the Locked
Door of My
Wedding-Gift
House. It's
Ours, Ma'am,
the Caretaker
Explained Sadly.
You're Not
to Be Admitted
You've No Key,
So the Place Is
Really His!"

Clova's Favorite Nightclub of Mexico
City's Cafe Society, in Which A. C. Blumenthal (Right), Who Traded Himself
in Mexico, Is Said to Have a Part Interest.

Then I realized that the windows
were boarded. A heavy lock was
on the door!

At the caretaker's cottage I de-
manded an explanation. The old
caretaker had a chivalrous man-
ner of speaking and he was em-
barrassed.

"You can't get in, ma'am—Mi
Blumenthal says you have no deed
to the house—it's his. He says
ma'am, you're barred from it."

No, I didn't have a deed. Who
ever heard of a deed to a wedding present? Well,
I didn't have a deed to my wedding ring, either.
I had not worn the ring since I let Helen Menken
and Dr. Trish use it at their wedding. It haunted
me with its promise!

I didn't need the ring to remember my mar-
riage! I didn't need the house, either. It had
never had been a home, but a showcase, which had
served a purpose of display for a time.
There were so many things I wanted to forget
during the strange hectic months when I grew
wonder, when the pain in my heart extended down
my entire side. I talked to so many lawyers.
There was the separation agreement in which
Blumenthal agreed to pay me—and didn't! I had a
judgment against him. I could not collect that
either. So, I pawned my jewelry to live. I had to
have cash. I sold my furs! I had to have an
operation—the best doctors told me. I was afraid,
alone and broke.

Dr. Joseph Lazarus got in touch with Blumenthal
in Mexico, said him how ill I was. Blumenthal prom-
ised money for the operation. The next day Dr.
Lazarus performed my emergency operation.
Blumenthal's promised money never arrived. My
friends bailed me out of the hospital.

Days of illness, not knowing whether I would
live, not often caring.
Blumenthal's lawyers, learning of my illness and
debt, tried to bargain with me. They offered me
\$10,000 in complete settlement for a judgment of
\$30,000, and an agreement calling for \$30,000 a year.
I was thrown back on the mercy of the courts.

RECOVERING slowly, I had to seriously face
facts. My husband was no help to me; he
exiled himself to Mexico.

I had to find a way to make my own living.
And to find my health again, which Dr. Lazarus,
daily, helped me to do; and the example of my
brave little sister, May, who had so triumphed over
her desperate physical condition, to be of service
to her friends and country at the head of a whole

department at Califor-
nia's Lockheed Airplane
Plant.

I shall never forget
the advice of that great
actress, Constance Col-
lier: "Talent is like a
good friend; you may
not see each other from
year to year, but he's
always there." Clifton
Webb seconded Con-
stance, "Sling again!"
and lent his celebrated
wit to writing me an
opening number. Vin-
cent French, Cleveland
critic, found me a job.
Niki de Gunzburg con-
vinced me the public
was microphone con-
scious, and Jack Har-
rider lit me as seriously
as he had Ziegfeld's
Showboat! Cole Porter
gave me a song for me
and me alone. Dwight
Fike wrote me an en-
core, and Jim my
Walker had the first
front row table!

My first nightclub
engagement which was
for two weeks was ex-
tended to sixteen.
Thanks to my friends,
I was able to win back the pub-
lic's applause and preserve my
life's forever. A newspaper in-
terview I gave recently proves it. "It isn't Patsy
Fears-A. C. Blumenthal I care about anymore, it's
Life. And Life is as good as your friends are!"

Thanks to those wonderful "private people" who
opened their homes and hearts to me and joined
those generous stars like Lana Turner, Paul Lukas,
Betty Hutton, Hedy Lamarr, Patsy Kelly, Dorothy
Lamour, Joan Bennett, Errol Flynn . . . in com-
pany with me, not once, but several times a week,
singing is a happy career!

The Rainbow Room with Ray Noble, following
Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen; the Versailles
following Sophie Tucker; Copacabana after Joe
Lewis; Savoy-Plaza after Hildegarde; the Mar-
linique with Emil Coleman; and Loew's State
Theatre, where I have sung a time, New York,
Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Los
Angeles, Miami, Washington.

One night as I walked off the floor in Holly-
wood, Charles Boyer kissed my hand and said, "You
give me back Paris." One night, in New York,
Walter Pidgeon rose, bowed from the waist and
stood till I left the room to call "Bravo!" I felt
every inch a queen or at least a Greer Garson!

Even the furniture in my apartment is friendly,
the lovely old carved bed was my mother's; I was

he said, "The
reason I'm not the
one you might
think. It isn't
that I don't love
you. I do."

I heard Bl-
umenthal's reason in a tumble of passionate,
unreasonable words. It proved to me
that there was a bridgeless gap between us. And
it wasn't just the great difference in our years, it
was our way of thinking. And as the years have
gone on I have often thought of that day and of
his reasoning and at our bitterest moments in
court it has made me sorry for him. I realize
that his twist of thinking has prevented him from
being one of the most prominent figures in Ameri-
can business—it has caused him to be seemingly
content as a part owner of a cafe in Mexico City.
Many times since that I've tried to persuade
Blumenthal to straighten out his way of thinking. To
go to a psychiatrist, as many wise men have done.

SO SOON it seemed that all the sorrow in the
world piled onto my life. My mother died. My
sister, May, was in an automobile accident and be-
came paralyzed from her waist down!

I flew back and forth to Texas—to the West
Coast, where I placed May in a school where she
could be taught to walk again.

It seemed that I could bear no more sadness.
I could not meet one more well-meaning friend,
who would say, "Peggy, you look ill. You're walk-
ing around with a nervous breakdown."

But my poor faithful maid Irene had a break-
down instead of me having one—and had to go to
a hospital.

I went one day to my house in Larchmont. I
had not been there for several weeks, and as I
walked up the shelled drive I saw the autumn
leaves floating on the surface of the swimming
pool, and I felt a sadness hovering over the place.

"This is my house," I tried to soothe myself
with the thought. "I can rest here." I seemed to
hear again the organ playing, the noise and laugh-
ter of all the guests at the wedding. It had been
lovely. I felt my life at my wedding present,
"Celebrity Trot House."

I walked up the steps, sounded the knocker.
There was no response. I knocked again and again.

Beginning Next Week on These Pages

"GOD IS MY DOCTOR"

By SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY

In her own words, Sister Kenny will tell the real story of her 33-year battle against infantile
paralysis, most dreaded of children's diseases.

A 23-year-old nurse, far out in the Australian bush, she was called in to attend a child
agonized by frightful, unfamiliar symptoms. With only her faith and intuition to aid her, she
prayed for Divine Guidance and, in answer to her prayer, she devised an unorthodox treat-
ment proved remarkably successful.

During subsequent years, medical diehards, refusing to believe a woman could succeed
where they had failed, often called her a charlatan, but the courageous nurse persisted until
her revolutionary methods at last received widespread recognition.

Don't miss the first installment of her dramatic, appealing and intensely human story

in the March 26 issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Make Eating Easier; Retool for the Table

Because His Breakfast Grapefruit Squirted In His Eye Once Too Often, George Barr, a Brooklyn Schoolteacher, Decided to Retool His Tableware for Safer and More Convenient Eating. He Began by Inventing These Grapefruit Goggles That Not Only Protect the Eyes From Squirting Juice, But Have Hand-Operated Windshield Wipers That Enable the Diner to Have Clear Vision at All Times. "Anti-Waste" Grooves on the Top Drain the Squirted Juice Into Miniature Buckets, for Drinking After the Fruit Has Been Eaten.



George Barr, the Ingenious Inventor and Fashioner of These Super-Functional Eating Instruments. All Are Whittled Out of Wood, So No Priorities Would Be Needed in Retooling a Set of Table Utensils.



The Two-Way Soup Spoon, Devised Both for People Who Like Soup and for Those Who Don't. Soup Fanciers Blow Gently on the Blades of a Propeller Which Whirls Rapidly and Cools the Liquid. For Those Who Don't Like Soup, a "Hostess, Non-Insulter" Spigot Is Attached to the Handle. Thus Soup Can Flow Through the Hollow Spoon to the Floor Unnoticed. This Avoids Hurting the Hostess' Feelings.



The Boarding House Fork, Another of His Handy Gadgets, Permits a Diner to Spear a Spud Or Other Food Without Asking Someone to Pass the Plate. It Has a Double Extension Shaft Which Slips Into the Handle by Gravity, Eliminating "Dining Fatigue." For Further Convenience the Butt End (Circle Above) Holds Exactly One Dose of Bicarbonate of Soda, Thus Making It Unnecessary for the Diner to Make a Trip to the Medicine Cabinet After Eating Too Heartily.



The Revolving Spaghetti Fork Neatly Traps the Coils of Elusive "Pasta" In Its Tines, Holding Them Helpless and Bewildered While the Diner Turns a Crank in the Handle Which Daintily Twirls Them Into a Neat Bundle. Thus the Spaghetti Is Brought to the Mouth in a Fraction of the Time Necessary When an Ordinary Fork Is Used.

The One-at-a-Time Pea Knife Is a Fast Improvement Upon the Older Method of Making Peas Stick to the Knife With the Aid of a Dab of Mashed Potatoes. The Barr Method Is to Fill the Hollow Handle of the Improved Knife With the Vegetables Which Roll to the End of the Knife by Gravity, One at a Time, When a Plunger Is Pushed. Small Prongs Hold the Pea in Place, for Safe Conveying to the Diner's Mouth.



The whole neighborhood is planting VICTORY GARDENS



GIVE YOUR BROCCO A BREAK
Shop early in the week!

HERE'S A

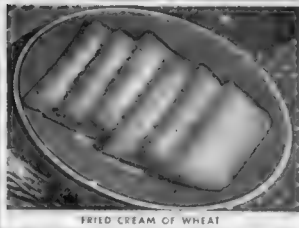
Springtime winner

FOR BREAKFAST AND DINNER

Put new zip and sparkle into both meals with these exciting Cream of Wheat recipe ideas.

1 FOR BREAKFAST—serve 1 delicious, satin-smooth Cream of Wheat with strawberry jam, or other favorite jams or jellies. A sure-fire appetite-rouser! Cook more than you need for breakfast—and mold the extra Cream of Wheat in a greased loaf pan. Place in refrigerator to chill. Then...

2 FOR DINNER—Fried Cream of Wheat! Cut chilled Cream of Wheat in thick slices. Brush with melted fat or butter. Fry in hot fat or toast slowly in broiler until well browned. Serve hot with syrup, honey or brown sugar. Here's a time-saving, point-saving treat the whole family will love. Serve it tomorrow for lunch or dinner!



FRIED CREAM OF WHEAT

CREAM OF WHEAT

The Great American Family Cereal



"ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"

Followed the Wrong Corpse to the Grave



The Mourners Didn't Find Out for Hours After the Funeral That They Had Buried a Man They'd Never Even Heard of.

EVERY now and then funerals get mixed up in spite of the most elaborate safeguards set up by undertakers and morgue-keepers to prevent mistakes in handling the dead.

For general all-around confusion, however, probably the most involved last rites England has seen in many a day took place recently in London.

It all resulted from a strange case of "mistaken identity" in the mortuary and a series of "amazing coincidences" that caused mourning relatives to follow the wrong corpse to the grave and no end of "harrassment."

It was one of those funerals which "could not happen again in a thousand years." But happen it did when a coffin containing the remains of 75-year-old Frank Tutt was lowered into a grave in London's potter's field while poor relatives of the late Arthur Tuck wept.

As grave diggers shoveled earth over the coffin, a 15-shilling bunch of flowers, all that Tuck's survivors could afford, was tossed into the grave by a Mrs. Brookes, his sister-in-law.

So sure were the mourners that the casket contained Tuck's corpse that they refused the offer of the undertaker to view the body. Only after wealthy relatives of Tutt arrived at the mortuary to claim his body for an expensive private funeral was it discovered that their kinsman had been interred in a public grave reserved for the destitute.

When Tutt's body was disinterred, a "second" funeral was held for Tuck, but the latter's relatives were so shocked by the mix-up that they could not bear to go through the rites again.

That explains why Tuck finally was buried with no relative to mourn at his

grave while Tutt actually had a "double funeral."

Tuck and Tutt both died on the same day in the same hospital. Both men were 75 years old and not unlike in appearance. The similarity of their names was a further coincidence, but one of the strangest incidents in the incredible chain of circumstances occurred when attendants placed the corpses side-by-side in the mortuary. The hearse driver called for Tuck, but the custodians thought he asked for the remains of Tutt.

Only after Tutt's body had been buried did the undertakers discover their mistake. Grave diggers disinterred Tutt's remains the same day. Tutt's wealthy relatives had no alternative but to wait at the morgue while apologetic attendants hurried to transfer the bodies from one coffin to another.

Feeling that they should say something to relieve their embarrassment, the red-faced attendants murmured:

"It was the kind of error anyone could make. Excuse it, please."

Buy all the Bonds you can and then one more. Extra Bonds are extra ammunition.

For New Glamor —the only "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder in the World



BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness... stays on for hours... never cakes. \$1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, dept., and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor... today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR)			GROUP 2 (MEDIUM)			GROUP 3 (DARK)		
NATURAL	LIGHT RASHEL	RASHEL	ROSE GLOW	ROSE GLOW	GOLDEN RASHEL	BONNETTE	LIGHT BROWN	BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder



A Message written by Experience

BURNS OF BATTLE have given doctors the grim experience of a lifetime in their war on burns. Casualties by the hundreds have taught, over and over again, that a good preparation for minor burns should do three things:—

1. It should relieve Pain
2. It should fight Infection
3. It should promote Healing

UNGUENTINE, America's largest selling burn ointment, does all three from the moment you spread it on a burn. And that moment should be the moment the burn occurs.

Are you prepared for instant action? Have you UNGUENTINE® ready and handy in your medicine cabinet—in your kitchen?

Ask your druggist for the handy tube or the economical family size jar.

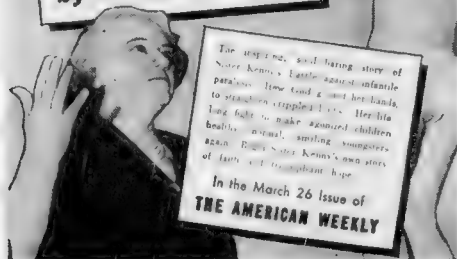


Norwich A Norwich Product

NEXT WEEK

"GOD IS MY DOCTOR"

by SISTER KENNY



The amazing, God-blessed story of Sister Kenny's battle against infantile paralysis. How God sent her hands to strengthen crippled lives. Her life's battle to make agonized children healthy, normal, smiling youngsters again. Read Sister Kenny's own story of faith and triumphant hope.

In the March 26 Issue of
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Lived 180 Days on a Growling Volcano

The 68-Year-Old Artist Finally Succumbed to the Fumes and Ashes of the Flery Mountain and Went to a Hospital to Get Over His Dangerous Ordeal.



NO ONE in his right mind, it would seem, knowingly picks out a cave on the slope of a raging volcano in which to spend six months of his life, but that is just what Dr. Gerardo Atl of Mexico City has recently done—and science and art are the richer for it.

Dr. Atl was born Gerardo Murillo in Guadalajara in 1875 but chose to go through life bearing the Aztec name for water.

This daring explorer, who is also a painter, already had achieved international renown in both fields but the pull of the new volcano Parícutin proved too strong.

The aging scholar refused to rest on his laurels and left his comfortable home in Mexico City to spend 180 sleepless days and nights studying and sketching the different phases of that boiling and hissing phenomenon at close range.

Every four seconds, Parícutin rumbles, gives a great convulsion and tosses tons of red-hot rock high into the air. Bursts of white steam, black smoke and burning ash accompany the upheaval.

For miles around, the seared landscape is barren

of all animal and vegetable life. The nearest village used to be Parícutin but it has long since vanished beneath the hot lava.

No one but Dr. Atl's brother, Don Luis Murillo, was aware of the daring project that the famous man had undertaken. He knew that the elderly scientist could not for long continually breathe the sulphurous fumes during his day and night vigil. Neither could Dr. Atl exist forever on a one-sided diet of tortillas and frijoles. Sure enough, the doctor came down with a severe illness, polineuritis, and had to return to Mexico City for medical care.

However, before he gave up, the old man had completed an illustrated document of tremendous value—an intimate study of the raging volcano in all its fiery phases.

Ever since he scaled Popocatepetl in 1907, volcanoes have been a passion with the doctor, who also is the author of a book on those in Mexico, copiously illustrated by himself. He designed the world-famous curtain at the Bellas Artes, the Opera House of Mexico City. Made of thousands of pieces of spun glass in a great bronzed frame, this curtain reproduces by means of electrical effects the varying fiery moods of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, two famous volcanoes.

Now the doughty old scientist-explorer-artist, after several blood transfusions, has rallied and his physicians have every confidence that his indomitable energy will see him through this latest bout with a flaming mountain.

Everybody's whistling this happy little washday song



Talented Jane Geigold, age 5½, lives in North Bergen, N. J. She attends Jefferson School, and also takes dancing and singing lessons. As though this weren't enough for one little girl, she loves reciting poetry, too.

Who wouldn't whistle while they wash when Rinso GETS OUT MORE DIRT



WHAT! YOU FOUND TIME TO BAKE A CAKE ON WASHDAY? THAT'S SWELL!

THANK NEW RINSO. IT SAVES SO MUCH TIME—GETS CLOTHES SNOWY IN AS LITTLE AS A 5-MINUTE RUN OF THE WASHER!



JUST LOOK! RINSO GETS EVEN YOUR GRIMY COVERALLS SPOTLESSLY CLEAN—YET IT'S REALLY SAFE FOR JANE'S WASHABLE DRESSES



AVOID SOAP WASTE

1. Measure Rinso carefully. Don't waste it.
2. Do a full load of wash.
3. Use only enough Rinso to keep 2 to 3 inches of suds.

AMOS 'N' ANDY —Tune in every Friday night—NBC Network. New! Different! A half hour show with orchestra and guest stars.



"Say, Bud, What Time Does the Fast Freight for Kansas City Pull Out?"

The Brilliant MONSTER

By THEODORE ROSCOE

IT was just one hundred years ago that a most amazing person appeared at Dryden, a placid village in the Finger Lakes region of upper New York State.

He was a stalwart fellow of 23, with a large head and the broad arch of forehead which bespoke the scholar; his only apparent handicap a slight left-foot limp due to the absence of a big toe.

"My name," he told Dryden in sonorous tones, "is Edward Howard Ruloff."

Of evident education, he was soon offered the post of schoolmaster.

This he accepted graciously and displayed so much knowledge that Dryden was impressed. So was the prettiest student in the village school, sixteen-year-old Harriet Schutt.

They were married and went to live in the Schutt home.

Edgar Schutt and Brother Aaron did not take too kindly to this arrangement. Aaron, already married and with a baby, thought the homestead overcrowded and he and his bride departed.

"I'll show them," Ruloff told Harriet. "Dr. Day has offered me a job in the pharmacy."

Encouraged by Dr. Day, Ruloff decided to become a physician. After a brisk six-weeks course, he moved to the neighboring town of Lansing.

But business was poor among the rugged Finger Lakes folk, and E. H. Ruloff, M.D., was soon in arrears.

Harriet had presented him with an infant daughter, and this advent effected a reconciliation with the Schutts, who invited the Ruloffs to Sunday dinner. It seemed lucky the doctor had been invited, for at dinner Aaron's little girl was taken ill.

"Calm yourself," Ruloff said. "The child has a slight indigestion. I have a potion which will cure her."

The potion administered, the tot drifted off to sleep. But the following day, Aaron raced to Lansing to tell Ruloff the little one was worse. Lashing the horses, Ruloff drove to the stricken homestead in time to find his small patient dying, his sister-in-law in hysterics. This called for a sleeping powder which Ruloff pressed on Aaron's wife.

The next morning Aaron's wife was dead.

On June 23, 1845, a neighbor, Olive Robertson, heard quarreling in the Ruloff cottage.

Had she looked inside she would have seen Ruloff methodically sharpening knives while his wife watched in fascinated horror from the chair to which he had bound her.

At 7 o'clock the next morning Ruloff went over to the Robertsons and told them his wife's wealthy uncle from Cleveland had taken Harriet and the baby to Ohio.

"I wonder if I could borrow your horses and wagon, Robertson? Harriet left a trunk full of clothing and toys to forward. I'd like to cart it to the docks at Ithaca."

Robertson lent a team and wagon and helped carry the trunk, which was heavy.

Ruloff drove away whistling. Down the road a piece, he picked up some school children who sat on the trunk for a merry ride. The doctor drove with such lackadaisicalness that he arrived in Ithaca too late to ship his trunk on the lake steamer.

Evening found him returning with the trunk to Lansing, and on his

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

homeward journey in the moonlight he took a roundabout lakeside road.

This brought him into Lansing late at night, and neighbor Robertson, waiting up for his term, was surprised to see Ruloff unload the trunk and lug it back into his cottage. Ruloff declared he had missed the boat and decided to ship the trunk to Cleveland by express wagon.

The tongues of neighbors began to wag. Funny, none of the women had ever heard Harriet mention relatives in Ohio. Funny of Harriet to go away without saying good-by to any friends.

Somebody notified Brother Aaron—who arrived too late, for over the week-end the bird had flown.

Aaron set out in pursuit and eventually saw that Ruloff was returned to Ithaca to stand trial.

But since the bodies of his wife and child could not be found, he could only be sentenced to ten years in prison for abduction.

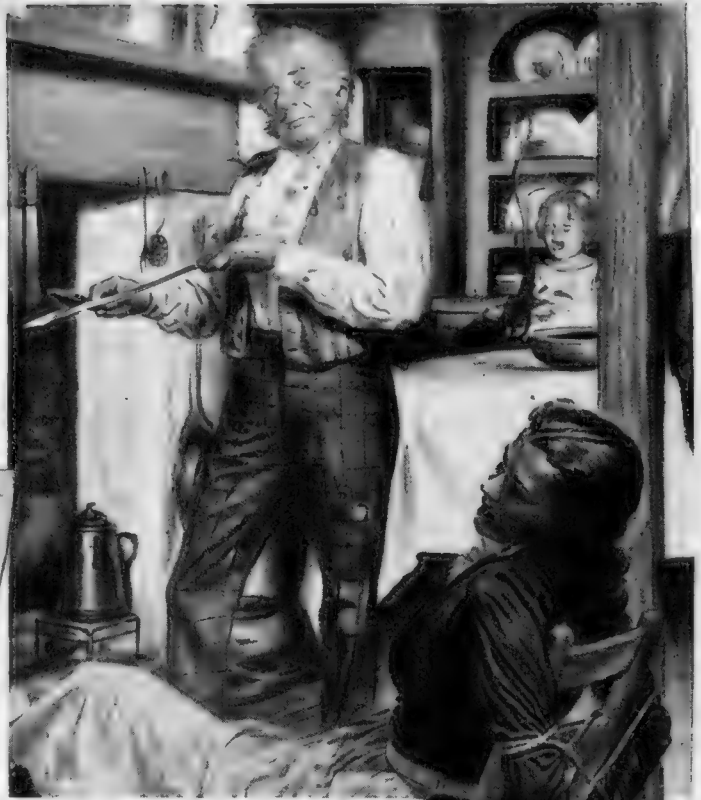
As Ruloff stepped out of prison he was arrested on the old charge.

Suspicious men investigating the graves of Aaron Schutt's wife and child found traces of poison. Ruloff's doctoring remembered, he was hustled back to Ithaca and again imprisoned.

While lynch mobs raged outside, he talked the jailor's son into stealing the keys and releasing him! With the boy he vanished in Pennsylvania.

These incredible exploits, spiced with attempts at counterfeiting and forgery, were mere preambles to a gigantic scheme. In 1866, this remarkable advertisement appeared in a New York newspaper:

AMAZING NEW MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING KEY TO PHILOLOGY, ETYMOLOGY, NEOLOGY, PHONOLOGY, PALEOLOGY! WRITE FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING DR. LURIO'S SECRET OF LANGUAGE!



Calmly, Methodically He Sharpened the Knives While His Wife Watched in Fascinated Horror from the Chair to Which He Had Bound Her.



Edward Howard Ruloff, the Mental Marvel Who Turned Into a Monster—But Why, No One Ever Understood.

Strange as it seems, mail flooded the Lurio address on Third Avenue. Invited to speak before the New York Philological Society, Lurio (who was Ruloff) delivered a lecture on language that didn't make much sense. He had a secret, he declared, which would vastly further American education, and invited the scholars to buy it—for a half a million dollars!

Enraged at the indifference of New York's educators, Ruloff trailed about the country as lurid Dr. Lurio. In August, 1870, he picked up a pal and set out for Binghamton. Their destination was Halbert Brothers store and their object a shipment of silk.

With jimmy and bull-eye lan-

tern, Ruloff tackled his final felony. Breaking in was easy but getting out proved something else again. Night watchmen discovered the jimmied door, and in the ensuing gun-battle one of them was shot. The killers escaped, one of them dropping a shoe in the process.

This shoe, queerly indented at the tip as if the wearer had been minus his big toe, the sheriff's deputies carried with them while they combed the Susquehanna Valley. Around noon, returning in defeat, the officers spied a solitary vagrant shambling across a railroad trestle leading out of town. He wore fisherman's boots and carried a pole.

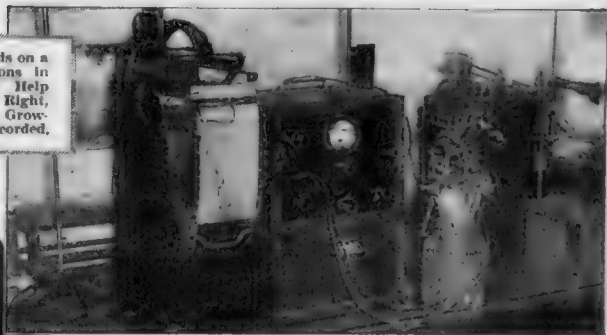
Someone suggested he remove his boots and try on the bandit's shoe.

The shoe fit perfectly. The vagrant could not conceal the fact that his big toe was missing.

He was tried in Binghamton, N. Y., in the Spring of 1871, for the murder of the night watchman.

Waiting his day on the gallows, he confessed killing Aaron Schutt's wife and child, and murdering his own, sinking his wife's and baby's bodies in Lake Cayuga.

At Left, Prof. Burr Reads on a Microvoltmeter Variations in Human Voltage That Help Chart Ills to Come. At Right, Voltage Variations in a Growing Sweet Potato Are Recorded.



Your Currents Tell What Your Fate May Be

Yale Scientists Can Now Solve Your Physical or Mental Ills by Reading Your Life Story on a Vacuum Tube Microvoltmeter

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

THROW away that crystal ball. Toss the gypsy palmreader in the clink and tear up the pack of fortune-telling cards. Researchers have found a new way of looking into the future, a method still unperfected but so promising that it's easy to visualize the soothsayer of tomorrow.

How a distinguished-looking man with a gray moustache, gray goatee and wrinkles of concentration on his brow. When you bring Junior to his office to find out whether the little seed is going to be of any help in your old age, he puts the baby in front of a complicated maze of wires and dials and attaches a couple of electrodes, one to Junior's left big toe and the other to his right ear.

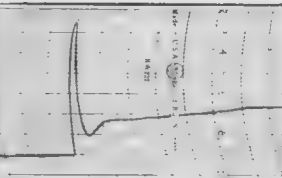
Then he twirls a couple of knobs, hears at fluttering needles in the dials like somebody computing your month's electric bill, and announces: "I am happy to assure you that your boy will become the president of a successful utility."

If research now going on at the Yale Medical School is carried to what appears to be a logical conclusion, charting your fate may become as simple a process as that.

Experiments conducted by Prof. Harold Saxton Burr, of Yale's department of nerve anatomy, indicate that every living body, whether human, animal or vegetable, has its own particular electrical field. The patterns of these fields, which represent the relationship between the myriads of electrified particles of which the body is composed, may turn out to be as distinctive and individual as fingerprints.

Prof. Burr hopes that further research may make it possible to place geniuses, great artists, capable executives, athletes, weaklings and morons in their proper categories before they are out of their pin-up clothes.

A series of electrical equations may show clearly what makes an Einstein brain tick, why a Hitler can sway mobs, what gives a Joe



When a Delicate Mimosa Plant Is "Shocked" by a Charge of Electricity (at Left) It Reacts Like a Human, Registering the Voltage Differential Shown on the Chart Above.

he is born. Using frogs, Prof. Burr and his co-workers were able to discover first in the unfertilized eggs and then in fertilized eggs the electrical pathways along which the nerves and brain of the embryo animal were to develop.

In plants, too, the hereditary characteristics have been found in the very seeds. Electrical diagnosis of the seed of pure and hybrid varieties of sweet corn indicated accurately how well the stalks would grow.

Foundation of the theories on which Prof. Burr and others are working is the fact that electrical currents flow constantly throughout the body with variable pressures or voltages, just as electricity flows through wires.

Differences in the voltage of these impulses are infinitesimal—a matter of 5 to 10 one-thousands of a volt—but they can be measured by a delicate device known as the vacuum tube microvoltmeter. Contact with the body is made through a pair of electrodes pressed against the skin at various points.

Under ordinary circumstances the electricity in the body flows at a given pressure and direction in specified parts of the anatomy. That is what establishes the pattern or chart by which individuals may be classified. But when something is wrong, because of wounds or disease or other bodily changes, the electrical blueprints undergo significant alterations.

By watching these alterations carefully,

fully, Prof. Burr detected the growth of cancer in mice before any cancerous lump was formed.

Application of the same methods to humans, he believes, may contribute to the new techniques in the control of malignant growths.

The microvoltmeter also has given Prof. Burr a clearer understanding of the secrets of healing wound, the natural process of repairing tissues.

With Dr. Louis Langman of New York University, Prof. Burr used the microvoltmeter to discover why some married women remained childless. Women who had remained infertile for years of married life were studied on the road to motherhood as a result of the discoveries.

"Where there is life," said Dr. Burr, "there is electricity. In general, living bodies are storehouses of electrical power, and the process of living consists in storing up and using this power in certain well-defined ways."

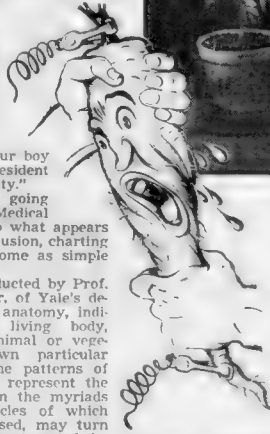
Startling as the microvoltmeter explorations of human and animal life have been, experiments with plant life have produced results that in some respects are even more remarkable. They indicate that plants have nervous systems strangely similar to those of humans and may, in fact, have the crudest beginnings of something corresponding to a brain.

Most dramatic were the tests made on a plant called the Mimosa, which is so sensitive that its leaves curl up and droop at the merest touch. Reactions of the Mimosa to burns, cuts and abrasions were precisely the same as those of humans.

This fundamental kinship between humans, animals and plants also was advocated by the late Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose of Calcutta University. He found "mental responses" in many other sensitive plants, including a tendency to get drunk on alcohol.

Prof. Bose also showed that carrots, on being pinched or pierced, gave out violent electrical signals which he called "cries for help."

A London observer reported that this news made George Bernard Shaw, the eminent vegetarian, extremely uncomfortable.



On Being Squeezed a Carrot Gives Out a Violent Electrical "Ouch!"

or study for some profession. In fact, it may some day be possible to predict a man's future even before

Sharp Drop in Woman's Voltage Chart Indicates Vitality Loss.

Abnormal Tides of Hormones, Sharp Break Comes When a Person's Finger Is Cut.

Irregular Jagged Peaks Show Ringworm Infection. After It Subsides, Record Smooths Out.

Two Irregular Upright Peaks and One Downward Come From Minor Finger Cut or Hangnail.

March 10, 1944

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 25

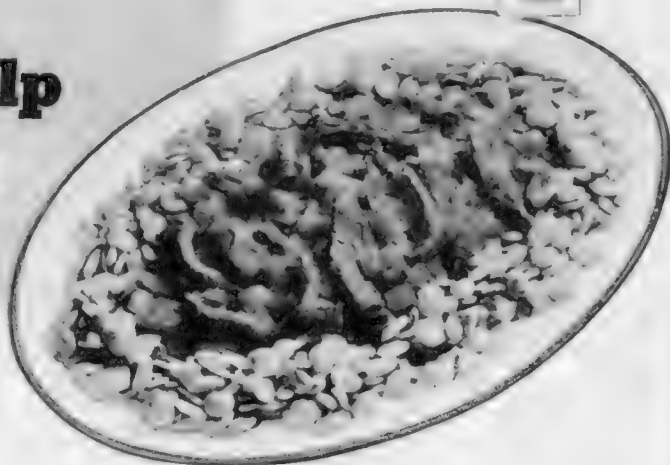
Armour ideas make the most of meat

4 ways You can help save food

Food fights
for freedom!
Don't waste it
—save it!



*Armour gives you these
suggestions to help you share
and play fair with food*



America is feeding its fighting men and its home front, and sending urgently-needed food to its allies. America produces enough food to do this . . . just enough and no more.

So we all must help conserve food, every day.

Armour and Company supplies a lot of meat for our men overseas and their families at home. To do this big job, we are using all our experience, all our facilities to stretch the meat supply so everyone has a fair share.

Your kitchen is another place where food can and must be conserved.

Follow these simple food-saving rules: Buy only what you need. Use all you buy. Avoid black markets. Pay no more than ceiling prices. Give required ration points for rationed food.

And use the ideas from the Armour kitchens. There are four of them on this page. They were developed by people who know how to save food. They'll help you get the most nutrition and enjoyment from your food . . . and thus make the supply go farther for everyone.



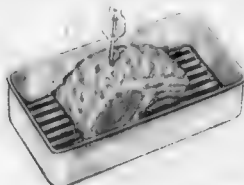
Make the Most of Leftover Lamb

Just 2 cupsful of Star Lamb are needed for this rich-tasting dish:

Lamb Barbecue

2 cups cooked Star Lamb, cut in narrow strips	2 tbsps. brown sugar
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom butter, or Star Bacon drippings	1 t. chili powder
4 tbsps. onion, sliced fine	3 tbsps. vinegar
1/4 cup celery, diced	1 t. Armour's Tomato Juice
1/4 tsp. dry mustard	1/2 cup water

Lightly brown onion and celery in fat. Add dry ingredients. Add vinegar, tomato juice and water. Simmer 20 minutes. Add lamb and simmer slowly for 10 minutes more, or until the sauce has thickened and flavored the lamb. Serve the barbecued lamb in a ring of green or dry lima beans. This recipe makes 4 servings.



Handy Hint for All Meat Cookery

How to prepare meat cooking racks for better cooking: 1. Use the rack in the oven for roasting all meats and poultry (except fresh pork.) Do not sear roasts first. 2. A rack is self-basting if placed flat side up in roasting pan. 3. Meats cooked in water should be simmered, not boiled. 4. Lower broiling heat gives more evenly-cooked, juicier steaks and chops.



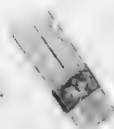
How to Get the Most From a Rib Roast

The next time you buy a 2 1/2 lb. rib roast—have the dealer cut the long rib end from the roast, up to the "eye" of fat. The bone end of the roast should then be cut into 4 individual short ribs (a broiled short rib dinner for 4). Stretch your meat ration points further. The thick, meaty roast cooks more evenly, carves better. See diagram for cutting. Same idea works on 1 rib roast. This gives short ribs for a family of 2.



Two Thrifty Ways to Tastier Pies!

If you have only a little cheese left for to-night's apple pie, mix the cheese and 1-prime on the top crust for 10 servings. 1 slice less . . . but the flavor is just the same. When making pie crust, remember that lard has the highest shortening power and gives wonderful flavor yet takes the fewest ration points per pound. It's the most plentiful of all shortenings. (Armour's Star Lard is textured for faster, easier baking.)



Armour and Company

Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Lamb and Veal, Star Sausages, Star Canned Meats,
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs

NASTY CHEST COLD?



ANTIPHLOGISTINE!

If your child has a chest cold—get the right relief, right away. Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE comfortably. This ready-to-use medicated poultice does three very important things:

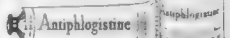
1. Eases that cough
2. Relieves tightness of the chest
3. Soothes sore, aching muscles

ANTIPHLOGISTINE maintains "Moist Heat" for many hours. This comforting "Moist Heat" goes to work on those disturbing cold symptoms—while your child sleeps. *Feels so good! Does good!*

Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early for best results.

Antiphlogistine

1 by White Package with the Orange Band



LOOK OUT FOR LATE SEASON COLD'S!

Coughs, chest muscle tightness. They can make you feel just as miserable now, as during the winter. So get right after them with Penetro, modern medication in a base containing old fashioned mutton suet. Penetro works two ways. Penetro's medicated vapors soothe and comfort breathing passages, while outside it stimulates, warms, and eases local congestion. 25c. Economy sizes 35c. 60c. For real relief from these colds' miseries, demand Penetro.

KEEP UP APPEARANCES

—by removing as many spots as you can yourself with Mufti. Handy for quick use on clothing, hats, gloves, upholstery and other articles of many kinds of materials. A favorite for over 25 years.

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WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢



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to a monthly magazine brimming full of hunting, fishing, camping, dog and boating stories and pictures, invaluable information about guns, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to fish and hunt—countless ideas that will add more fun to your days ahead!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
Send 25¢ in stamps or coin and we will send you Hunting & Fishing for six months.
Hunting & Fishing Magazine
288 Sportsman's Bldg., Boston, Mass.

March 19, 1914

Don't Believe in Ghosts? This Man Sketched One

ALMOST everybody has had a feeling at some time or other of being pursued by a phantom. Maybe it's been the skeleton in the family closet. Or the girl you left behind. Who ever, the specter usually manages to stay a step out of reach, but the ghost has haunted Ben Easton, an English artist. He sketched a house in London and the apparition from the bed-side at night.

It wasn't a personal ghost that The Artist Took His Sketch Pad to Bed With Him and believes in ghosts now and hopes that he may run across another spectre that he can draw.

Some of England's experts in manifestations of the supernatural have studied Mr. Easton's sketch and believe it depicts a genuine spook.

The way Christina Hole tells it in "Haunted England," a collection of the island's ghostlore, Easton woke up one night and saw an elderly woman standing just beyond his feet. She was wringing her hands and looking at the floor, as though searching for something.

Easton, ever chivalrous when he found an old woman in distress, inquired whether he might be of help. Promptly the visitor disappeared in the best ghostly fashion.

The next morning Easton, questioned his host, and the legend of the ghost was told. It seems that in other times, the owner of Thurston Hall, a woman, murdered a young boy to keep control of the property, which rightfully was his.

She committed the crime with such deftness that the child's death was attributed to natural causes. But on her deathbed she confessed. The story has it that her spirit lingered on to haunt the room where the boy was killed.

Easton was occupying that room. So the next night, being acquainted with the tale, he went to bed with his sketching materials at his side. Sure enough, the woman returned at the same hour as before. Easton didn't try to engage her in conversation, not even passing a pleasantries, but went to work with his pencil and paper.

The unbidden guest didn't tarry long. However, each night throughout Easton's stay, she came back at the same time. Easton was always ready with his artist's tools and was able to complete his impression.

His sketch was shown to one of the confessed murderer's descendants and it bore a remarkable likeness

to a portrait of the woman that once had hung in the bedroom. The portrait had been removed three generations before, when the property changed hands and Easton had not seen it or any other likeness of his ghostly visitor.

The artist never had been a man to believe the yarns of haunted houses and spooks that, like chains, which are common in the British Isles. He had not the slightest interest in what is known as supernatural phenomena. But he believed in ghosts now and hopes that he may run across another spectre that he can draw.

Some of England's experts in manifestations of the supernatural have studied Mr. Easton's sketch and believe it depicts a genuine spook.



GREAT TONIC

Helps Build Resistance to Colds!

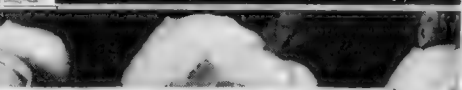
National Survey Shows
MANY DOCTORS
Recommend
Good-Tasting SCOTT'S!

WAR WORKERS! DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO STRIKE — BUILD UP WITH SCOTT'S NOW!

Consider... do you often get colds and other ailments? Do you know the efficiency of important Vital Elements—Vitamin A and D—doing nothing about it? Try good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily! See how Scott's—rich in these Vital Elements—helps build resistance and stamina! **WEAR OUT EASILY?—DO THIS TODAY!** Try good-tasting Scott's daily throughout the year. If there is a deficiency of those vital elements—natural Vitamins A & D—you may again experience the same happenings. Get the great benefits—get Scott's Emulsion today at your druggist's!

TRY SCOTT'S EMULSION

Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages



"Love is always in bloom"... when you have a flower-fresh skin!

NEW TANGEE Petal-Finish FACE POWDER

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUNN, Head of the House of Tangee

"It's always spring in his heart"—when your complexion glows with the soft, clear smoothness of a rose. You'll marvel how instantly Tangee's new Petal-Finish Face Powder gives your face that "rose petal" look... yet how many hours that velvet-finish lasts. Try Tangee's Petal-Finish... the face powder expertly designed to give all complexions... blondes, brunettes... and redheads... new loveliness!

"IT STAYS AND STAYS AND STAYS"

6 FLATTERING SHADES—each scented with the dreamy fragrance of crushed flower petals.
GET IN THE FIGHT—BUY A BOND TODAY!



Veronica Lake
soon to be seen in
BRING ON THE GIRLS
a Paramount Picture



There are many kinds of permanents but there is only one Frederics Tru-Curl permanent. And why is this permanent considered America's Finest? Because it leaves your hair looking soft and lovely... as if it grew naturally curly. You need have no worry about your hair becoming brittle or looking "lucky" when you have a Frederics Tru-Curl because this famous permanent contains no harsh, beauty-stealing metallic salts which are the cause of dry, lifeless, brittle hair.

If you want the finest permanent that it is possible to obtain get a Frederics Tru-Curl. If price is a consideration, get one of Frederics other really good permanents.

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tru-curl
permanent waves

E. Frederics, Inc. (Dept. AM 20)
440 Third Street, Long Island City 1, N. Y.
Send me a list of the best salons in my
area where I can have a Tru-Curl done.
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Address _____
City _____ State _____
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**LOOK YOUNGER,
FEEL BETTER!**

See what a difference Kent Vitamins can make! So potent a single capsule supplies minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B₁, D. Over 7-weeks supply only 50¢ of your grocer's.



Read The American Weekly

Freaks of the Manpower Shortage

THE manpower shortage, caused by the withdrawal of men into the Army and Navy, has left a lot of amusing situations in its wake.

The cowtown of Mesquero, New Mexico, for example, has the smallest half of the population going around mumbling in their hoards because the draft board has called up the community's only barber.

The how hissed citizens though they'd pull a fast one and import a draft-proof woman barber from Texas, but they didn't reckon with State officials who refused to grant the lady tonsorial artist the necessary license.

In a New Jersey village, indignant housewives made an unsuccessful attempt to get a deferment for their lone butcher. A half dozen petitions in his behalf were rejected, and draft board officials told the women they'd have to do their shopping in a neighboring city.

Out in California the citizenry of one town are scratching their heads and wondering what they'll do at their next funeral—what with the only undertaker in the Marines and the com-

munity's two ministers serving overseas as chaplains in the Navy.

Not so funny is the plight of West Milford, New Jersey, where 13 expectant mothers had the Selective Service officials turn a deaf ear to their plea not to draft the town's lone doctor.

Plymouth, Michigan, has some 7,000 people, but it is bravely getting along without any hospital because a help shortage closed up the city's only infirmary.

But the hardest hit of professions is the medical.

The Army and Navy has been taking doctors at the rate of 3,000 a month. Almost every physician under 45—and many in the 45 to 55 group—is in uniform.

In the pre-war days there were 181,530 registered physicians—approximately 160,000 actively practicing—a ratio of one doctor for about every 800 civilians. Today, in many States, there is only one medic to every 1,300 persons.



American Weekly Patterns



PATTERN 3661—"The Duet" frock with contrast. Sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 35-inch fabric and ¾ yard contrast front shirtwaister. Sizes 34 to 40. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3626—Apron from one yard of 35-inch fabric. Sizes small, medium and large.

FALL PATTERN, together with a beautiful pattern of useful and decorative motifs for figings and garments, TWENTY EIGHT.

Write plainly, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER, send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 65 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

**NOW! OWN AND ENJOY
CASTLE FILMS'**

NEW HOME MOVIE



**Cartoon
Comedies!**

Featuring

"Kiko"
THE KANGAROO

8mm.-16mm.

For Every Projector Owner!

LOW COST!

In 8mm. as low as \$1.75 for condensed versions. In 16mm. as low as \$2.75 for condensed versions. Complete lengths and sound at higher prices.

The whole family will love "KIKO THE KANGAROO!" His delightful antics will make your house the fun center of every neighborhood! Here are two new hilarious subjects to own!

1. "BEAR FACTS!"

Mother bear is tormented by freaky cub. Kiko becomes nursemaid. Wearily falls asleep. The hunter and his dog appear! All seems lost when Kiko rescues the cubs!

2. "KIKO AT THE BAT!"

See the animal ball game! Jocko the Moak leads the jungle team in a scoring spree. Then Kiko comes to bat with the winning run on the bases. What a wallop you'll get from this riotous comedy!

8 OTHER KIKO SUBJECTS

3. "THE BIG FIGHT"
4. "CLEANED OUT"
5. "THE FOXY FOX"
6. "HAIL THE KING"
7. "OSTRICH TROUBLES"
8. "ON THE SCENT"
9. "DANGER ON ICE"
10. "RED HOT RHYTHM"

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"The Big Fight"				
"Cleaned Out"				
"The Foxy Fox"				
"Hail the King"				
"Ostrich Troubles"				
"On the Scent"				
"Danger on Ice"				
"Red Hot Rhythm"				

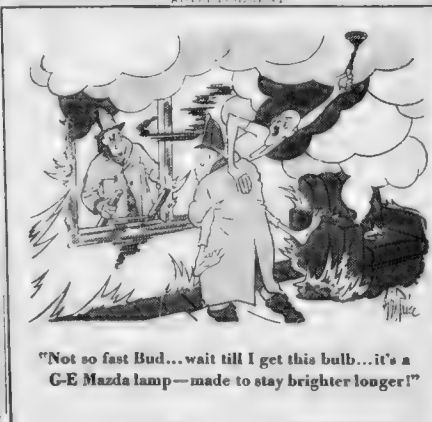
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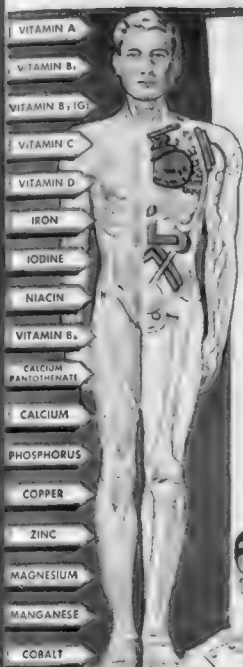
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Stams Tablets Meet All United States Govt. Minimum Requirements For Vitamins For Which Requirements Have Been Set, Namely A, B₁, B₂, C, D.*



Stams Also Give You Niacin, 2 Additional B Complex Vitamins and 9 Minerals.*



Stams Meet Multi-Vitamin Principle Approved by Official Committee of Doctors.

FULL POTENCY GUARANTEED Including 5 Vitamins of the B Complex

NOW at last! One of the world's largest producers does for vitamins and minerals what Henry Ford did for the automobile: banishes guesswork; banishes high cost.

An amazing new vitamin-tablet invention containing 8 vitamins and 9 minerals that



If you are not up to par because your diet lacks Vitamins and Minerals...

NATURE CAN GIVE YOU MORE VITALITY AND PEP WITH STAMS

takes the place of less potent vitamin preparations for the average person.

Made to sell at a price millions can afford! This new invention is called Stams Multi-Vitamin and Mineral Tablets. Full vitamin and mineral potency is guaranteed as stated on the package. Or your money back.

If you are not up to par because your diet lacks vitamins and minerals, Nature can give you more vitality and pep with Stams.

Stams cost less than 5¢ a day to take in the economy size—less than 1/2 the price of cigarettes. Get Stams at drug or department stores. Take three tablets a day. You'll be glad you did.

Distributed by Pharmaceutical Division, STAMPS BRANDS INCORPORATED

YOU GET MORE		STAMS				OTHER BRANDS			
VITAMIN A		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
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VITAMIN B ₁		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
VITAMIN B ₂		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
VITAMIN C		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
VITAMIN D		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
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Also—these vitamins and minerals (9)									
NIACIN		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
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PANTOTHENATE		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
PHOSPHORUS		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
COPPER		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
ZINC		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
MAGNESIUM		X	1	2	3	X	1	2	3
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Stams contain 80% more different vitamins and minerals than any of these 4 leading brands.

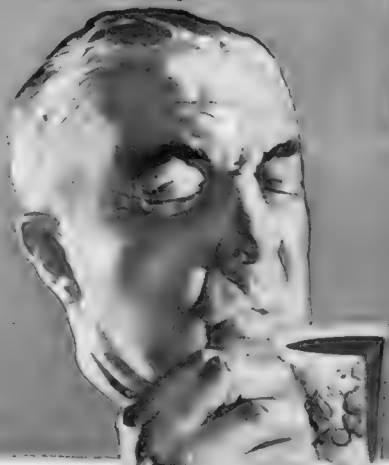


ON SALE AT ALL DRUGSTORES

66 Tablets \$1.69

24 Tablets Only 49¢ Economy Size, 270 Tablets, \$4.48

Half a cup of flavor?



OR

flavorFULL Chase & Sanborn!



HIGH-FLAVOR LEVEL brings BIGGEST SWING in coffee history!

Sales are
soaring, folks!



Chase & Sanborn gained more new friends in the past year than any other coffee. Sales are going up, Up, UP!

Flavor did it! Americans know fine coffee when they taste it. The news of Chase & Sanborn's high-flavor level is sweeping the country! For now that we're all using lighter cream or top milk, the quality of coffee is more important than ever.

Don't miss your chance to enjoy finer flavor—and more of it in every cup. Ask your grocer for flavorFULL Chase & Sanborn!



Rub your Absorbine Jr. in



a little goes a long way

Does your skin itch? Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr. rubbing it in. This helps to increase your circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry foreign matter away. You'll get cool relief, soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

FOR DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR USE JERIS HAIR OIL

MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

The American Weekly is known to millions as "The Nation's Reading Habit."

Maiden Form

STARTED SOMETHING OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO



In 1923 Maiden Form presented the first "uplift" brassiere to American women. Now, millions depend on Maiden Form for the beautiful, uplifted bosom lines every woman desires; for the beautiful, comfort and enduring quality Maiden Form brassieres give them. Select the style Maiden Form created for your bosom-type and you too will be enthusiastic.

There's a war-scarcity of Maiden Form's brassieres but dealers receive regular shipments, so if you don't find your style at first, try again!

Send for free Conservation and Style Folders, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, 16, New York

Buy EXTRA War Bonds

Mysterious Pictures - They Radiate Health



Many a Crippled and Paralyzed Patient Has Been Brought to the Home of the Woman Who Seems to Impart Potent Healing to Every Picture She Paints.

SLOWLY and painfully, a crippled woman, paralyzed for many years and devoid of all sensation in her arms and legs, was recently seated by two doctors before the painting of a simple landscape hanging in a London flat.

One of them applied a stethoscope to her heart. Another checked her respiration and pulse. Then they stepped back quietly and joined a group of solemn scientists standing at the rear of the room.

All eyes turned as the curtains framing a doorway parted. A kindly-looking, gray-haired woman of 83 years stepped into the room, walked to the painting, looked at it intently for a moment, regarded the cripple in the chair and left abruptly.

Several minutes passed. The crippled woman stared at the painting, curiously. One physician finally asked:

"Do you feel any sensation?"

"No," the woman answered with great effort.

The doctors looked at each other quizzically. The curious experiment they were conducting was a "one-in-a-million" chance to fail.

"Two had!" one of them murmured, as they prepared to leave. But the patient's screams froze them in their tracks.

"For Heaven's sake, wait!" she shouted. "There is an 'electric current' shooting through my right hand. I feel sensations in my arms and shoulders!"

"What else?" the doctors asked.

"My toes tingle!" the woman said. "The calves of my legs are throbbing. It is a miracle!"

So it was to these observers in the living room of Mrs. Jessie Kingsley Tarpey, whose amazing "picture healing" is the current sensation of all England.

Scientists who attended the demonstration were impressed. One was Dr. W. L. S. Rawson, Ph.D., who works with the Department of Pathology at the War Office and all agreed it had little to do with "black magic," spiritualism or superstition, and recommended that Mrs. Tarpey's amazing "gift" get a chance to prove itself further.

"I've known for years I had this power," said Mrs. Tarpey. "All I have to do is draw print on canvas and I transfer healing powers to it."

Hundreds of ill persons, including many with titles, have sat before Mrs. Tarpey's works of art, "absorbed" the rays and reputedly walked away cured.

Now many of her patients, including doctors, have suggested that "picture cures" be set up all over England. In 1917, Mrs. Tarpey's paintings shocked service men.

Official recognition at last has been accorded Mrs. Tarpey, with her appointment as an associate member of the Medical Society for the Study of Radiesthesia.

FOR YOUR FLOORS - The Same Lasting Beauty So Famous for Cars

NEW

Self Polishing Simoniz Shines as It Dries

It's easy to keep your floors clean and beautiful with Self Polishing Simoniz. Yes, surprisingly easy! Just pour on Self Polishing Simoniz. Spread! That's all you have to do! Your floors sparkle brightly as Self Polishing Simoniz dries—and without rubbing. Buy and try Self Polishing Simoniz right away.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago (15) ILL.



So diversified are the stories and articles in this and other issues of The American Weekly that there are few who cannot find something to interest them in each and every issue of this magazine.

I'm on a War Budget and Tintex saves me most!



THE way Tintex stretches your budget will thrill and amaze you! Just think! A few cents for Tintex makes faded, color-drab dresses, curtains, stockings gaily fashion-new! That means extra dollars for War Bonds for you... and fabrics conserved for war-needs. Millions of women are making Tintex their on-to-Victory ally.

Put Tintex to work on all your hard-to-replace apparel and home decorations. It's America's quality-dye—so easy, quick, perfect! Over 50 dye-colors—longer-lasting, true, fashion-right colors. No wonder more women by far use Tintex than any other brand. Use it yourself—today! Only 10¢ and 15¢ at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

Conserve Fabrics · Save Money

—still keep fashionable!

Tintex
TINTS & DYES

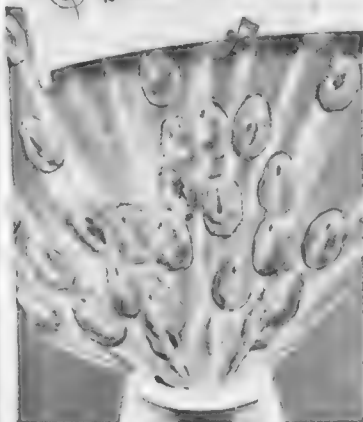
PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

HERE COMES QUAKER WITH A BANG! BANG!

WHEAT SHOT FROM GUNS

HAS EVERYONE SINGING THIS MERRY BREAKFAST SONG!

♪ QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES
IS WHEAT SHOT FROM A GUN...



...THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE BREAKFAST
MAKES EATING LOTS OF FUN
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES
NO RATION POINTS! DO TELL!...



♪ ...THE EASY STEP TO EXTRA PEP
AND BOY, THE TASTE IS SWELL!



QUAKER

Quaker
Puffed Wheat
Sparkies



TODAY, FIGHTING AMERICA EATS
10,000,000 MORE SERVINGS A MONTH
OF THESE DELICIOUS BREAKFAST GRAINS

CRISP AND TASTY as nuts in November! The biggest, roasty-toasty breakfast grains you ever put a spoon to. Because Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies are shot from guns, to make each bonny grain a morsel of goodness! So popular, America now eats 10,000,000 servings a month more than a year ago.

THEY BRING YOU restored whole-grain amounts of Vitamin B₁, Niacin and Iron in line with our Government's war-time nutrition program!

YOU COULDN'T DREAM UP a better breakfast than Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies with some milk and fruit! Hearty eating for everyone! Mighty tasty at any meal. Let your family enjoy it often!

**"IT'S NOT RATIONED!
REMEMBER TO BUY THE BIG
FRESH RED AND BLUE PACKAGE
FROM YOUR GROCER!"**

PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES
PUFFED RICE SPARKIES



You learn the difference when you do your own work!

One of the first things you learn about Bon Ami is how *pleasant* it is to use. It's quick, thorough, actually *polishes* as it *cleans*. And it's so *safe*. Isn't a bit coarse or scratchy. No wonder it's so perfect for bathtubs and sinks—so easy on your hands. Keep it handy in both bathroom and kitchen!

Bon Ami
keeps things easy to clean



People in all walks of life, both young and old, in more than 7,750,000 families from Maine to California regularly read this and other issues of *The American Weekly* week after week.



If the waitress seems slow
And to steak she says "No!"
Do your spirits sink low?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH
LIPTON'S!



FOKS SAY IT'S MY WONDERFUL, SLOW-BIPEPED FLAVOR THAT MAKES ME TASTE BETTER. SEEMS I'M RICHER, MORE MELLOW, BECAUSE I'M A FINER TEA!

THAT'S WHY PEOPLE DRINK MORE OF LIPTON'S THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF TEA!

In packages and tea bags

Blitz PANTRY PESTS



THE more household "odd jobs" checked off the homemaker's list the easier and more rapid will be the annual spring cleaning, now just around the corner.

Cleaning out the pantry or food closet is often left to the last; but it's one of the most satisfying small chores to do ahead of time. The long winter period when the room temperature has been high, and the closet itself stuffy from being closed, has created just the conditions to dry out most packaged foodstuffs and encourage the development of annoying insect pests.

Locating the Insects

The flour moth may escape the eye in its tiny adult form, but the housekeeper will soon know of its presence when she finds unsightly webbed masses sticking to her cereals, flour, cornmeal, or even perhaps webbed entirely through a box of crackers. The unseen enemy—the flour moth larvae—have been secretly on the job, sabotaging good foods and making them unfit for use.

Another pantry pest enemy is more easily recognized: the weevil is an active fellow, who scurries rapidly out of dried beans, peas, dried fruits and flour products, when the package or canister is disturbed. Or, if holes are discovered in the bean, pea or grain, one may suspect that the grain beetle has been busy at work. Larder beetles and cheese mites are two other pantry pests whose hidden damage may be entirely unsuspected, and whose presence it takes good sharp eyes to locate.

The control of all pantry pests is similar: destroy all contaminated food by putting it into the garbage pail, or by burning. Then, clean and fumigate the whole closet and its shelves thoroughly; next, scald out the canisters, jars or other containers used for holding food products; perhaps give the containers a new paint job, using one of the quick-drying lacquer paints; last, refill, using fresh materials.

Cleaning and Fumigating

Cleaning and fumigation consist of washing the surfaces of the pantry closet with good, very hot suds to which a dose of safe household disinfectant may be added; allow shelves, etc. to dry. Then proceed to fumigate using some type of fly spray, after which the entire closet should be closed tightly overnight, or at least for several hours. Air and ventilate well before restocking.

One efficient housewife reports that she moves her kitchen table as close to the window as possible for best light; covers it with news papers; places each and every article from the food pantry on it, and then, aided by excellent light, "ackles the job of home inspection" of the packages, canisters or cartons. Sorting is done on a system; this discarded, that remnant for

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

soups, this other for immediate use, and so on.

Choose a household or fly spray of the best possible quality for this purpose, and one not with a kerosene base. Do not use if any foods are still left in the closet. Also, while at first the freshly sprayed areas may appear stained, leave them alone, without rubbing, to become dry, when this "dampness" will evaporate. Choose a spray gun which produces a fine mist, not squirting or splashing. Grades for these fly sprays have been established, and are labeled AA, A, or B.

Timely Menus

MONDAY Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Rye Toast, Coffee, Milk. Luncheon Salmon Chowder, Green Salad, Muffins, Tea. Dinner Lamb Stew, Parsley Dumplings, Carrots and Peas, Escarole Salad, Fruit Tart, Coffee.	TUESDAY Breakfast Grapefruit, Hot Cereal, Bacon, Toast, Coffee. Luncheon Omelet, Green Salad, Rolls, Tea or Cocoa. Dinner Peanut Butter Soup, Baked Liver, Baked Potatoes, Calfy Carls, Fruit Salad, Snow Pudding.	WEDNESDAY Breakfast Oranges, Cold Cereal, Fried Toast, Coffee. Luncheon Scalloped Macaroni, Sliced Tomatoes, Dressing. Tea or Milk. Dinner Tomato Soup, Roast Pork, Apple Stuffing, Potatoes, Broccoli, Green Salad, Sliced Fruit.	THURSDAY Breakfast Hot Cereal, Milk, Toast, Coffee. Luncheon Corn Fritters, Spinach Souffle, Fruit Salad, Tea. Dinner Carrot Juice, Curried Pork on Brown Rice, Green Beans, Tomato and Cress Salad, Apple Pie, Coffee.	FRIDAY Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Coddled Egg. Rye Crackers, Coffee. Luncheon Escalloped Potatoes, Sliced Ham, Apple Salad, Orange Cookies. Dinner Tomato Salad, Oyster Pie, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Jellied Fruit, Coffee.	SATURDAY Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Milk, Pancakes, Coffee. Luncheon Brown Bread Sandwiches, Green Salad, Tea or Cocoa. Dinner Onion Soup, Baked Beans with Pork, Carrot and Cabbage Salad, Muffins, Apple Cake or Apple Pie, Coffee.	SUNDAY Breakfast Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Fried Toast, Coffee. Dinner Tomato Juice, Fried Chicken, Escalloped Corn, Puffed Potatoes, Cauliflower Salad, Cheese Dressing, Apple Snow, Coffee. Supper Chicken Sandwiches, Green Salad, Milk or Cocoa.
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Are you careful about SCALP ODOR?

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hair-brush, your hat, your pillow.

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!



LUNCH BOX to PACK?

Take
HOT DAN'S
Tips—

Try this wonderful new Mustard-Butter. Soften 4 tbs. butter or margarine. Blend in 2 tbs. French's Mustard. Makes a delicious, tasty sandwich spread.

Try egg-salad sandwiches with French's Mustard added to the mayonnaise. So smooth and creamy it blends perfectly!

Millions prefer it!
Finest spices and mustard seed money can buy



Dirty Job--So What?
DUZ gets even dirty work-
clothes clean easy!



DUZ DOES EVERYTHING

—all 3 kinds of Wartime Wash!

1 NO TRICK AT ALL
NOW TO GET GRIMY
OVERALLS CLEAN —
I JUST DUZ 'EM!



2 BET THE NEIGHBORS NEVER
SAW TOWELS WHITER THAN
THIS! AND WITH DUZ I DON'T
NEED A BAR SOAP.



3 YET DUZ IS SAFER FOR
COLORS—EVEN FOR PRETTY
RAYON UNDIES.
HELPS CLOTHES
LAST LONGER!



DUZ DOES MORE!

Prove it to yourself—no soap made
can do a tough wash easier than
DUZ. No other soap gets clothes
whiter or cleaner. Yet DUZ does
more besides! For colors it's the
safest of all leading washday soaps.
And kindest to your hands in the
dishpan. Discover it today—DUZ
does everything!



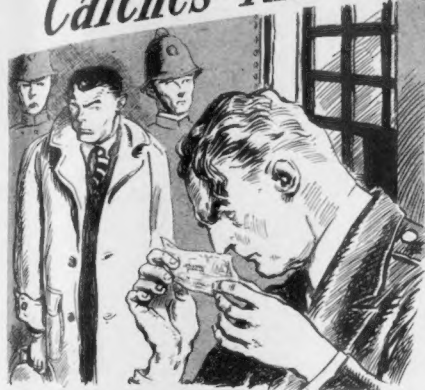
**DON'T WASTE SOAP—
MAKE DUZ DO MORE!**

Measure DUZ in a cup or glass.
A little DUZ a lot.

Soak clothes in clear, cool water
before washing.

Use the same DUZ suds for several
loads of clothes.

Sweet Smelling Money Catches a Killer



The Fragrant Ten-Shilling Note Was the Clue Which Convicted the Cold-Blooded Murderer.

WHEN George Holt, a towering vagrant, went on trial recently in Manchester, England, for the strangulation murder and robbery of a 72-year-old landlady, he stared with curious fascination at the prosecutor who passed a 10-shilling note to the jury foreman.

"Gentlemen," requested the attorney, "I wish all of you would smell this money."

The prisoner shifted un-

easily. One by one, the 12 men in the box held the bill close to their noses and sniffed appraisingly. Finally, after it had made the rounds, the last juror handed the money back to the barrister, who said:

"Now, Gentlemen, I know this seems a little extraordinary, but I wish you would also smell this powder compact."

He handed a small, gold-plated object to the foreman, and this also went

the rounds of the jurors. When the compact again came back to the prosecutor he shouted triumphantly:

"It is this damning evidence, Gentlemen, that clinches the guilt of the prisoner! The perfume of the note and that in the compact are identical. I ask you to bring in a verdict of murder in the first degree."

Holt slumped despondently in his chair. When the jury returned a few minutes later, after deliberating, the clerk read the findings to the court. He was guilty, as charged. The judge sentenced the prisoner to death and referred a recommendation for mercy to the proper authorities for their consideration.

Police said Holt had robbed Mrs. Lena Louisa Wilson, later ransacking the rooms of boarders and stealing several shilling notes from an apartment of a woman who kept her money in a drawer along with the compact.

He also had been admitted to the Assizes on charge of murdering his Lena Bick, a 57-year-old widow, another time.

But the prisoner will not be called to account in this second crime until his first case was disposed of.

Although Holt gave himself up to police and confessed to the crime, he was his nerve and plodded guilty at the subsequent trial. Since many "scrub" criminals have been known to confess to crimes of which they were at fault, the court was interested in seeing that Holt was judged on the evidence

alone, disregarding his confession entirely.

When he surrendered, police found the 10-shilling note, later introduced as "Exhibit A," on his person. Detectives produced the compact, left at the murder scene, and this was designated on the court records as "Exhibit B."

In an effort to save Holt from the gallows, his counsel offered his record as a former inmate of a criminal lunatic asylum, who had three times attempted suicide.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS THAT WAR ON WASTE

SINCE OILCLOTH is getting scarcer, try using linoleum on your kitchen table. Tack it down around the edges; it will wear for years.—Mrs. Millard Hopkins, Nekoma, Wis. ***

When bristles on any hand carpet sweeper wear short so that they no longer catch particles, I wind rollers with adhesive tape. This lets the brush down. Sweeper works as good as ever.—Mrs. C. Sasser, Trafford, Pa. ***

NAP SAVER HINT—Just sprinkle baking soda over the surface of your rug, rub in briskly with a brush and remove with a vacuum cleaner. You'll be surprised at the improved appearance. And this kind of cleaning helps conserve the rug nap.—Mrs. Racine Heuchan, Columbia, Mo. ***

VICTORY HAND CLEANSER—Save scraps of hand soap. Melt together with generous quantity of Sunbrite. Let cool. The result is a very good hand cleaner for removing grease and stains. It also saves soap.—Mrs. Annie Luck, South Beach, Ore. (P. S. Sunbrite contains no harsh caustics.)



Susie S. says

"Everyone should use that Sunbrite Soap I use. It's just what I need!"

REGISTERED BY U. S. DEPT. OF COMMERCE, PHILADELPHIA, 1936. WRITTEN ON A MINOR LABEL, 50¢ AND 10¢.

The "OLD RELIABLE" Used Since 1889 to Tint Faded or GRAY HAIR

Every dresser knows that thousands of men and women use CARL D. DAMSCHINSKY'S internationally famous HAIR TINT because it is absolutely dependable, easy to use, and economical. Requires no skin test. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Comes in 3 shades. Costs only 60¢ (double size economy package 85¢). Ask any dresser for

DAMSCHINSKY'S HAIR TINT

FAMOUS FOR OVER 30 YEARS

* * * * *

MOTHER

* CHILDREN SHOULD NOT SUCK THUMBS *

* * * * *

RITE NAILS

USE **THUM** FROM DAY EASY TO APPLY, USE LIKE NAIL POLISH

AT ALL DRUG STORES

NEW EASY MIX SPRY IS HERE!



NOW YOU CAN MAKE LIGHTER CAKES THAT STAY FRESH LONGER

SAYS AUNT JENNY

WOW! WHAT A YUMMY CAKE, MOM!

AND SO MUCH LIGHTER—IT'S DIVINE!

THAT'S THANKS TO THAT NEW SPRY—AND I MIXED IT IN 2/3 LESS TIME THAN USUAL

WO'N'T YOU BAKE CAKE MORE OFTEN? PLEASE, MOM!

I CAN NOW, DEAR—EVEN WITH OUR SMALL FAMILY. CAKES MADE WITH NEW SPRY STAY FRESH TO THE LAST SLICE!



NO CREAMING—SAVES 2/3 MIXING TIME!

"FOLKS, I'm just bustin' to tell everyone of you the news that New, Easy-Mix Spry is here!... How I wish I could be right in your kitchen when you make your first cake with it."

"See the amazin' difference when you use new Spry an' my easy new 2-step way to mix a cake. There's no creamin'—no long beatin' to tire your arm out... your batter's all mixed in 2/3 less time!"

"An', ladies, even if you got light cakes before, you'll discover new Spry cake is lighter. Or if

you've had failures you'll find new Spry gives you sure-fire cake success. Your folks'll rave about that finer texture, more delicious flavor. They'll say you're a better cook 'n ever."

Cakes stay fresh longer

"An' cakes, cakes are much better tastin' with new Spry. An' even small families can enjoy a nice big layer cake now without a crumb bein' wasted, 'cause cakes you make with new Spry stay fresh an' moist much longer!"



NEW SPRY
NOW AT YOUR GROCERS IN SAME HANDY JAR

Try Aunt Jenny's Favorite Cake made Spry's new, quicker, easier 2-step way

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------|--|
| Dry Ingredients | Liquid Ingredients | |
| 2 cups sifted flour (cake flour preferred) | 1 cup milk | |
| 1 1/2 cups sugar | 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla | |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 2 eggs | |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/2 teaspoon salt | |
| 1/2 cup Spry | | |
- *With a tartaric powder, use 4 1/2 teaspoons
- Step 1. Mix dry ingredients—no creaming now.** Into mixing bowl, sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add Spry. No creaming needed!
- Step 2. Add liquids in easy steps—and mix.** To flour mixture, add 1/2 of milk, 1/2 of vanilla, beat till smooth—about 100 strokes. Scrape bowl and spoon; mix in well... Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Scrape bowl and spoon; mix... Add remaining milk; beat until blended. Again scrape and mix
- well. Notice the smoother, easier-pouring batter new Spry gives you!
- Bake in two 9- or 8-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to 35 minutes, or in 10 x 10 x 2-inch square pan (350°F.) 55 to 60 minutes.
- Minute Fudge Frosting—Combine:** 1 ounce of chocolate, finely cut, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 cup Spry, 1/4 teaspoon salt. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil gently 1 minute. Beat until lukewarm. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla; beat till thick enough to spread. Makes enough for tops of two layers. Double frosting recipe if desired.
- Grand for ALL baking, frying**
- Use pure, all-vegetable Spry for cakes, pies, cookies, fried foods—all your baking and frying. See your family sit up and take notice that you're a better cook than ever.

REMEMBER—"Use New Spry in all your old favorite recipes, too"

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Maybelline Mascara,
Eyebrow Pencil and
Eye Shadows.
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